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# The Nation.

*NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1908.*

## The Week.

That President Roosevelt must be vexed and scandalized by the open use of Federal offices to promote Taft's nomination, is clear to every one familiar with his principles and his record. To show how flatly the practice of his unruly subordinates is at variance with the convictions and pledges of their chief, we need not stop with Mr. Roosevelt's recent letter to Mr. Foulke. For the true Roosevelt doctrine, we have only to go back to the reports of the United States Civil Service Commission when Theodore Roosevelt was a member. One passage, in particular, states the correct position with such vigor that we could wish it were printed in capitals and nailed up over the door of the President's office. It occurs in the annual report for 1890-1891:

> The public service should be divorced from politics. . . . . *No Government office* should be used to control the results of any elections whatever, whether it is an election for State or Federal officers, *or a primary, held for the purpose of electing delegates to a nominating convention.* . . . No officeholder belonging to a dominant party should act in any way which would cause a scandal or create friction in any office if the person belonged to the party in opposition. Under the spoils system, the theory is that politics belong especially to the officeholders. Under the merit system, the theory is that politics belong to the people, and that the people are quite capable of managing their own affairs *without interference and dictation* on the part of those whom they have chosen to serve the whole public in *merely administrative positions.*

This being President Roosevelt's own utterance, and so eternally true, it is easy to understand the exasperation with which he must view the unconcealed activity of Federal officeholders in many parts of the country in the interest of Secretary Taft. In Missouri, for example, specifications and names are not lacking. The *Howell County Gazette*, published at West Plains, gives an account of the proceedings in the convention of the Fourteenth District. "The first man on the scene was Grant Gillespie, an assistant in the office of District Attorney Sager at St. Louis." Then there were postmasters thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa: A. T. Hollenbeck of West Plains, Charles W. Ferguson of Willow Springs, E. W. Flentge of Cape Girardeau, William Kitchen of New Madrid, C. A. Crow of Caruthersville, J. F. Palmer of Pomona, Postmaster Melvin of Bronson. Such a list can but cause the President grief mingled with anger. Moreover, his strong aversion to "interference or dictation" in politics by any one in an "administrative position" makes it plain that a vast amount of lying has been done by Washington correspondents. Here, for example, is a Washington dispatch to the Omaha *Bee*, asserting the most unblushing interference and dictation by one in an administrative position:

> The President bore down upon the proposition that Nebraska must be lined up for Secretary Taft. . . . He left no doubt upon the minds of Senator Burkett or Mr. Hammond as to his wishes for Nebraska, and he requested the two gentlemen to see to it that Nebraska sends a delegation unqualifiedly in favor of Secretary Taft.

Mr. Roosevelt would be the last man on earth to attempt dictation of that kind He will surely abide by his original doctrine. It was absolutely sound; and only a person whom we should hesitate to characterize would venture to assert that it was, as the Scotch elder said of the sermon, "*all* sound."

At Chicago on Saturday Gov. Hughes was more impressive than in his address to the Republican Club of this city on January 31. There was, too, an uncommon literary skill in the Governor's speech. It was not simply that his thought was clear and his language well chosen, but that the desired shadings and contrasts were so precisely conveyed. Gov. Hughes is attacking no one, comparing himself with no one, setting up no policies of his own as novel discoveries; yet the net impression of his speech is to put him before the country in a light and a position all his own. He is for vigor, but it must be disciplined vigor. He is for action, but it must be preceded by investigation to ascertain the facts. He would resolutely attack public evils, but they must first be delimited. Whatever the political effect of his speech, it will remain a model both in substance and presentation. In Gov. Hughes, it is plain, we have no addition to

> —the breed of such
> Who think too little, and who talk too much.

President Roosevelt is quite within his rights, and it may be his duty, to direct the Interstate Commerce Commission to inquire whether prevailing conditions in the railroad business justify a reduction in the wages of employees. If there is to be a clash between the men and the companies, it is well that the facts in dispute should be in hand. But the President went far beyond this in the letter which he made public last week. In it, the business world will read all kinds of vague threats and possibilities of further interference for political reasons. And the implication that no reduction of wages is to be tolerated in the case of a railroad that has a "bad past"—"past financial or other operations," is the President's language—is reckless. The President himself has distinctly, in his Indianapolis speech and elsewhere, renounced all idea of opening these closed chapters in railway finance. Secretary Taft has emphatically done the same, in his own name and the President's. Besides, Mr. Roosevelt has put himself on record as believing that there exists to-day substantially no over-capitalization in American railways. If the President had confined himself to the one point whether "the loss of business is such that the burden should be equitably distributed between capitalist and wage-workers," he would have been on firm ground. It needs no heaven-sent Commission to ascertain the facts. They are writ large in diminished railway earnings, reduced or passed dividends, and idle cars. If the wages of employees were successively raised, as they were, in the years of prosperity, they inevitably fall in times of adversity. All but the blind can see that we are in for a period of lower prices. With profits everywhere lessened, volume of traffic lowered, and salaries reduced, it is inevitable that wages must come down temporarily. We are all in the same boat. Whoever may be or may not be to blame for the misfortunes that have overtaken the country, all of its citizens must take their part. It is no time to attempt to set up a privileged class, even if they call themselves labor unions and boast of their political power.

We are reassured by the statement of Mr. Gompers that the trouble with our Supreme Court is not so much its lack of legal learning as its failure to inform itself on "modern economics." Characterizing as "mediæval" the doctrine on which the court decided the celebrated "hat cases," the president of the American Federation of Labor proceeds to illustrate his own notions of "modern economics." One postulate is that a labor union is not a Trust, because "there cannot be a Trust in something which is not yet produced." The Standard Oil, then, would not be a Trust if it disposed of all its oil on hand and possessed merely control of sources of production and means of obtaining a practical monopoly of future orders. That the union does try to make itself the only source from which employers can obtain skilled labor does not constitute, to him, a point of similarity. This is exactly like the quibble by which it is attempted to defend the boycott while denouncing the blacklist. The *Ameri-*

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*can Federationist* has changed the phraseology of its "We don't patronize" list and now says mildly:

> It should be borne in mind that there is no law—aye, not even a court decision—compelling union men or the friends of labor to buy, etc.

The real question is not how the list is phrased, but how it is interpreted in practice. If it is, in fact, the means for setting in motion complicated and far-reaching agencies of coercion, and this fact is thoroughly understood in the unions, then it would not matter if it were headed "A list of the firms which have the most beautiful flower-beds in their factory front-yards."

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Monday's decision of the Supreme Court of the United States that State regulation of the number of hours a woman may spend in mechanical labor is in accordance with the Constitution, is of vast importance. The issue presented was simple. In 1903 the Legislature of Oregon passed a law providing that "no female [shall] be employed in any mechanical establishment or factory or laundry" "more than ten hours during any one day." Curt Muller, a laundryman of Portland, brought suit to have the law declared unconstitutional, as violating the Fourteenth Amendment. The Oregon Supreme Court decided that the State possessed the power to fix the hours of women wage-earners as a police regulation, and that by so doing it did not infringe the liberty of the citizen to purchase or sell labor. The Federal Supreme Court has upheld this decision. An adverse ruling would have invalidated nearly all our State statutes limiting the hours of adult women. Nineteen of our States and all the leading countries of Europe have passed such laws. The consensus of public opinion the world over is that such regulation protects the public health. While women should have the right to choose their own employments and the working conditions that suit them, the progress of civilization demands that they be saved from over-exertion or from unsanitary surroundings that tend to incapacitate them for family life. Here, again, an abstract question of personal liberty has had to give way before considerations of national welfare. Justice Brewer, who read the opinion, went so far as to say of the woman wage-earner that "legislation designed for her protection may be sustained even when like legislation is not necessary for men, and could not be sustained." If this looks like legal favoritism shown to one sex, Justice Brewer replies that the difference in the physical strength of the sexes and the maternal functions of women necessitate special legislation for their safety "from the greed as well as the passion of man." This decision is not only just in morals, but is sound from the economic point of view. The Industrial Commission of 1900 laid great emphasis upon the fact that "permanent industrial progress cannot be built upon the physical exhaustion of women and children." Again, the shorter workday for women has resulted in a much more equal distribution of work throughout the year, especially in the so-called season trades. Employers who formerly overworked women at one or two seasons and then instituted part-time at the dull periods have been compelled to greater foresight, with the result that their labor is more efficient and contented, and that they have actually saved money.

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If, as newspaper correspondents assert, Senator Aldrich is willing, rather than sacrifice the railroad-bond feature of his currency bill, to accept the amendment providing that railroads must have the physical valuation of their properties determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission before their bonds can be accepted as the basis for emergency currency, this is a decided victory for Senator La Follette and the group of Senators—mainly Western—who have joined with him in fighting for the "physical valuation" plan. In spite of the progress of the movement in the States—New Jersey being the latest to adopt the idea—the railroads have generally regarded the appraisal of physical values as useless where it is not positively mischievous. It would be absurd enough, no doubt, to regard the total cost of track, bridges, rolling stock, and so on, which might be higher for a lonely road in the Rockies than for one directly tributary to New York or Chicago, as representing the entire value of a line. But many men of conservative tendencies believe in determining the physical valuation of every road as one among a number of important data to be ascertained before the railroad problem can be settled intelligently.

---

The overwhelming vote in the House of Representatives against the proposal to compel the District of Columbia street railways to run Jim Crow cars for negroes, is refreshing proof that the spirit of 1861 is not wholly quenched in the Republican party. The vigor and spirit of the debate illustrate clearly the quickening effect of a discussion of fundamental principles and human rights. The great bulk of the colored citizens of the District are clean, inoffensive, and law-abiding. To what lengths this prejudice against color will go appears from recent events in Oklahoma. There the negroes form only 7 per cent. of the population, yet they have been "Jim-Crowed" on the railroads as if they were overwhelming in number, and were always offensive. That it is hard on the whites in certain sections of the South to travel with dirty and disorderly negroes, we have never denied, but it is just as trying for educated and refined colored people, whose number is increasing.

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What part the negro vote will play in the coming election is the subject of much newspaper speculation. In 1900 there were, all told, more than two millions of colored voters in the United States. Of these, 4,576 were in Connecticut, 31,425 in New York, 29,726 in Illinois, 18,186 in Indiana, 14,965 in Kansas, 21,474 in New Jersey, 31,285 in Ohio, and 14,786 in West Virginia. The steady negro emigration from the South has, year by year, increased these figures. No doubt, the Brownsville case has stirred these negroes as has nothing else done in the name of the Republican party, and both Roosevelt and Taft, but particularly the latter, are objects of the negroes' anger. Friends of Secretary Taft, whether by authority or not, are industriously circulating among the colored people the story that privately the Secretary is deeply outraged by the President's procedure. Be this as it may, the rejoinder easily made is that, with all the new regiments and companies raised for the army in the last two years, Secretary Taft's love for the negro has not led him to organize a single new company of black men. But, bitter as is this dislike of Mr. Taft, colored voters are unlikely to abandon in a body the habits of a lifetime and go over to the Democratic party. Yet the mere fact that a number might bolt from Taft, is another reason why the Republican party should select another candidate.

---

It is, of course, a premise of current American politics that the Standard Oil has no friends. Those who say good words for it are its hirelings; all others are enlisted in the campaign for its extirpation. But a deeper reason why this should be safe game to hunt is found in the general assumption that it is not a tariff-created or a tariff-protected Trust. Republicans have felt particularly safe in denouncing it, because if anybody quoted against them the statement that the tariff is the mother of Trusts, they could rejoin by pointing to "petroleum, crude and refined," on the free list of the Dingley tariff law. But a Republican Congressman, Mr. Küstermann of Wisconsin, has brought together the facts regarding the relation between the most odious of monopolies and the most beneficent of tariffs. Those who have ever taken the trouble to look the subject up, know that oil is really one of the most highly protected articles of our consumption. After putting oil on the free list, Congress enacted this simple proviso:

> Provided, That if there be imported into the United States crude petroleum, or the

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products of crude petroleum, produced in any country which imposes a duty on petroleum or its products exported from the United States, there shall in such cases be levied, paid, and collected a duty upon said crude petroleum or its products so imported equal to the duty imposed by such country.

Thus from England, which has no import duties on oil, we can import as much as we like. The only difficulty is that England does not produce any petroleum. The country to which we should naturally look for petroleum is Russia, a country which produced in 1900 more crude oil than the United States, and which would, as Mr. Küstermann says, "be pleased to sell us part of their product, and sell it at a less price than it is sold for by the great monopoly in this country." But Russia, by imposing an import duty, automatically created a corresponding duty at our ports. As a matter of fact, the Russian oil which has come into this country within the last six years was taxed at the rate of 5.4 cents per gallon on the crude and 2.34 cents on the refined. With this comfortable margin of initial advantage, the price of oil to home consumers has uniformly been kept above what is paid in the other markets of the world. The tables incorporated in the speech already quoted give the average price in the United States for the years 1903-1905 as 10.3 cents per gallon, as against 9.9 cents in Hamburg, 7.7 in London, and 5.2 cents as the *New York export price.* Over the exact facts and figures there may be controversy, but we know of no reason for doubting the essential fairness of the conclusions.

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The British government's present attitude towards the Congo problem is that conditions in Belgium warrant a little more patience on the part of the outside world. Nevertheless, the Under Secretary asserted in the House of Lords on Monday that the "British government would not regard as satisfactory anything short of a complete vindication of both the treaty obligations and the claims of humanity." The difficulty in Belgium is this: People and Parliament are convinced of the need of reform in the Congo. The annexation of the Free State is a thing decided upon; the general principles upon which the colony is to be governed have been embodied in a carefully worked out law. The only obstacle is the demands of the King with regard to about one-eighth of the total area of the Free State, known as the Domaine de la Couronne. At first the King insisted on retention of his existing rights. That Parliament would not consent to. Then, in the treaty of cession actually submitted to Parliament, a modification of the royal demands was presented. It consisted primarily in the exaction of large indemnities for the royal family and a pledge to maintain existing labor laws in the Domain. Before the storm of opposition this proposal aroused, the treaty was withdrawn, a few weeks ago; and among its opponents was the head of the Ministry, who had but recently accepted office. The subject is again under discussion. The British government believes that "the negotiations between the Belgian Parliament and King Leopold have now reached a crisis, and that it requires time to adjust the delicate points of difference." Englishmen and Americans may rest content with what has been accomplished; the speedy ending of Congo misrule is no longer in doubt. But it would be too much to expect the Belgian Parliament and people to be free from certain susceptibilities that do not weigh on the foreign critic. One need not hold with King Leopold's "consul-general" in the country that the Congo is a negro paradise and the Belgian King one of the world's greatest benefactors. On the other hand, we can understand how the Belgians would take pride in much of the civilizing work done in the Congo basin and credit Leopold with some of it. Another factor is the King's age. Leopold is now seventy-three. Thus in the ordinary course of events the question of the Congo should soon settle itself automatically.

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Bulgaria's position in the event of a Russo-Turkish war has been little debated. That she would remain inactive is inconceivable. The Bulgarians seriously regard themselves as the scourge of Islam, destined by Divine Providence to drive the Turk out of Europe. For that work they have been steadily preparing themselves ever since their country became independent. In the past thirty years they have built up an army which has been called by European military critics the best of its size on the Continent. With a population of four million souls, Bulgaria maintains an establishment of fifty-three thousand men, and in war-time could put in the field three hundred thousand trained troops, armed with the Männlicher rifle. Bearing in mind the efficient aid received from Rumania's small army in the last war with Turkey, Russian officers would hardly despise the assistance of the most efficient military force possessed by any of the Balkan countries. If Bulgaria could put two hundred thousand men in motion at once, Russia could leave in her hands entirely the prosecution of the European campaign. The plans of the Bulgarian General Staff for a campaign against Constantinople call for the invasion of Macedonia by two armies of one hundred thousand men each. One of them would mobilize near Philippopolis, having as its objective Adrianople, which is some eight hours' march from the frontier. It is hoped that Adrianople could be carried by a sudden attack. With Adrianople taken, the only bar between the Bulgarians and Constantinople would be the strong fortress of Czertolga. The second Bulgarian army, concentrating on Kustendil, would cross the frontier near that point and march straight upon the seaport of Salonica. It is ten days' march from the frontier, and the Turks would be likely to attempt resistance at several intermediate points. They are understood to have fortified a strong position in the mountains near Seres, a pass called Bechjebel. But in no event could they concentrate a sufficient force to oppose one hundred thousand men, moving as would the Bulgarians. To withstand the Bulgarian advance, Turkey could muster the Second Army Corps, forty thousand strong, in the vilayet of Adrianople, and the First and Third Army Corps, numbering eighty thousand men, distributed throughout the other districts of Macedonia. Man for man, there is no doubt that the Bulgarian soldiers are equal to the Turks, and in discipline they must be superior. It would be strange, then, if two hundred thousand of the best of the Bulgar race could not make Turkey's position in Europe so difficult as to render an attack by Russia on her Asian back-door certain of success.

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The Russian military court which condemned Gen. Stoessel to death, and then recommended commutation to ten years' imprisonment, recalls, at first sight, that other pronouncement which sentenced a man to be transported for life, and then to be fined forty pounds. But illogical as the decision of the Russian court may have been, it arose from a desire to reconcile the explicit provisions of the military regulations with extenuating circumstances. It seems to be admitted that the defence of Port Arthur, so long as it lasted, was carried on with courage and a certain amount of skill. The complaint against Gen. Stoessel is that he did not hold out longer. That he could have permanently held the fortress against Gen. Nogi is not seriously maintained anywhere; and that he avoided what, to the outsider, would appear as unnecessary slaughter, is probably true. The frequently cited accusation, however, is that the premature surrender of Port Arthur hastened the *débâcle* of Gen. Kuropatkin by releasing Gen. Nogi's army for operations before Mukden. But that is, after all, resorting to the pleasant game of might-have-been. Probably Gen. Oyama's task would have been harder without Gen. Nogi's troops. Probably Mukden would have come later. But the entire course of the war was such as to render futile any attempt to make Stoessel responsible for its outcome.

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*OUTLOOK FOR "THIRD PARTIES."*

The leaders of minor political parties have remarkable capacity for hoping against hope. But this year there is exceptional confidence among those who think neither of the "great" parties fit to govern. A general impression prevails that the "third party" vote will prove formidable, though the question which party is destined for third place is harder than usual to solve in advance. The "third party" has always been uncertain. Back in 1872 it was the Labor Reform organization; in 1876, 1880, and 1884, the Greenback; in 1888, the Prohibition; 1892, the Populist; 1896, the Populist again, or, if that be ignored because it had only a Vice-Presidential candidate of its own, then the National Democratic; in 1900 the Prohibition once more; in 1904, the Socialist. This year three organizations are hopeful.

The Socialists point out that the whole trend of current political thought is in their direction; that the present industrial situation offers eloquent testimony to the incapacity of the parties with individualistic ideas to deal with the problems of poverty and non-employment; that the two wings of the Socialists are united for the first time in many years; that more Socialists hold office to-day in Legislatures and municipalities than ever before in this country; and that the great advance made by the party in 1904 is morally certain to be repeated several times over in 1908.

The Prohibitionists enter the campaign with the impetus of one of the most remarkable of recent political movements. In the last single year the "dry" area of this country has doubled. The progress of anti-license sentiment has been so rapid that a map of the territory gained becomes obsolete in three months. While the instruments in this steady onslaught upon the saloon have by no means always been Prohibitionists, at least the motive power was largely produced in the long years of persevering agitation by those foes of liquor who believed in maintaining an independent organization. A union of all who have voted against the saloon in the past year would undoubtedly be a tremendous force in politics. As it is, the national chairman of the Prohibitionists claims a million votes next November.

The Independence League, which met at Chicago Saturday to name its National Committee, has not appeared before as a national organization. But the testimony to its strength comes from the old parties themselves. What other body ever had its leader all but elected Mayor of the greatest American city one year, and nominated for Governor of the greatest State by the Democrats the next, while in the year after that the Republican organization of the greatest county gave it more than half the places on a Fusion ticket? In Massachusetts the Independence League asserts that it is not the third, but the second party, since its candidate last autumn polled a larger vote than the Democratic nominee under any single designation. The political unrest of the day, as many think, will help this league rather than the out-and-out Socialists. As for the Independence League's tentative platform, or rather "Address to the Public," that citizen would be an anomaly who could not find something to his taste in it. Deriving its principles from Jefferson on the one side and Lincoln on the other, the league favors in succession:

> Direct nominations, the referendum, the recall, drastic corrupt practices legislation, public ownership of the telegraph immediately, and of other public utilities "as rapidly as . . . government shall demonstrate ability to conduct public utilities for public benefit," an emergency currency issued by the government, the eight-hour day, compulsory use of safety appliances, an anti-blacklist law, good roads, the parcel post and postal savings bank, penal anti-Trust laws, ship subsidies, a big navy, irrigation, waterways improvement, an Interstate Commerce Court, and tariff reform.

It is a catalogue a trifle suggestive of the famous pledge "to give everybody everything."

Conflicting as the claims of these several parties appear, none of them can be laughed at. No one can be surprised next November at developments of voting strength outside of the Democratic and Republican lines. In the last Presidential election, the notable feature, next to the unexampled plurality of the winning candidate, was this growth of the smaller groups. Every party gained except the luckless Democrats. Roosevelt's personality was said to overshadow everything. Yet the Prohibition party added 49,000 recruits, the Populist 63,000, the Socialist 310,000, and the Socialist-Labor 300 or so—and all in a contest which brought out a smaller vote than that of 1900. This growth of minor parties accounts for a larger portion of the Democratic losses than the augmented Republican vote. The minor parties received but little over 1 per cent. of the total vote in 1900, and more than 5 per cent. in 1904. The great parties plainly have to reckon with the fact that the doubtful voter has this year more satisfactory refuges than usual. Disgruntled Republicans and Democrats have often, for purely negative reasons, voted "third tickets" to express their protest. This year, when there are so many positive reasons for following this same course, the chance of bolting is just so much greater. Politicians have long known the art of judiciously aiding the minor parties in places where they have a chance of drawing votes from the enemy. At present, such tactics will be a little like playing with fire.

*LITERARY IMPERSONALITY.*

George Meredith's eightieth birthday brought him many tributes and was the occasion of diverse studies. Among the latter, none can have been more singular than the article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by Firmin Roz. A Frenchman tackling Meredith necessarily wears something of the air of a man leading a forlorn hope. The attempt is not unlike Taine's effort to appraise Carlyle. M. Roz is fully conscious of the desperate nature of his emprise. Trained in the theory that a novel is "to be read, not to be meditated upon, commented upon, annotated," he naturally advances with fear and trembling upon the Meredithian subtlety and peculiar humor. With his results, our present concern does not lie. Whatever may be the interpretation of Meredith's works, there can be no mistake about the manner of literary life which he has led. This the French critic perceives, and has his meed of praise, in passing, for "the high probity" of a long career as a writer, "without concessions or chafferings."

This is well deserved. It would be hard to name another famous literary man of our day who has so consistently bidden the public take his books, and not his person, to pieces. Meredith has undoubtedly been, in an age when the interviewer walketh in darkness and the camera wasteth at noonday, a fine example of what has been called "the admirable impersonality of the great classic writers." They have had almost a physical shrinking from exhibiting to the public their "me," as distinct from their work. And they have wished to carry into literature the habits of gentlemen. They have not wished to disrobe themselves to gratify vulgar curiosity.

In the recently published letters of Taine, one finds proof that he upheld the doctrine of literary impersonality even more sternly than Meredith. He steadily refused to be interviewed. He declined to send his photograph to the illustrated periodicals. Even that portrait of him which Bonnat painted he would not allow to be exhibited during his lifetime. Writing once to Émile Planat, who had asked him to glance over an article about himself, he said:

> But, my dear Émile, did we not agree that this should not be done? All that you please about the writer, the abstract being made up of ideas and phrases which are public property. But nothing, nothing whatever, about the man.

In a later letter, written to Francis Charmes, Taine put the matter as follows:

> You are right in supposing that in England I was not free from emotions. But there is a large principle of Gautier and

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Stendhal, which I believe to be true; not to put on paper an exhibition of your feelings, just as a man talking in a salon or in public will repress his sobs or cries. It is indecent to make a show of your heart; it is better to be accused of having none.

Taine lived up to this to the very end. In his will, he forbade the publication of any letters of his that "touched upon the private life."

This is, we confess, a hard doctrine. It might seem impossible for any man to order his life by it, in a day when thousands are ready to break every seal and the trust betray, so that the many-headed beast may know all that it wants to. With the strongest purpose to live his private life to himself, "the world unknowing, and the world unknown," a famous man may yet find himself thwarted and defeated. Mr. Meredith has been unable to escape unscathed. In its unparalleled devotion to all that concerns the highest literature, a New York newspaper has had cabled to it the name of Meredith's dog. Love me, love my dog.

Why is it that writers like Meredith and Taine—authors who refuse to sit all day in the shop-windows, or to parade the streets as so many literary sandwich-men—seem so exceptional? Is it that good manners have declined, and that no one feels any shame nowadays in exhibiting himself, as Rousseau professed to do, *tout nu*? We do not think so badly of the mob of gentlemen and gentlewomen who write. Left to themselves they would doubtless prefer to be modest; to hide their personalities behind their books. But they are caught in the modern methods of book-publishing, and those have become noisy and personal. Notoriety means sales; and sales, notoriety. Hence the photographs showing the gifted author asleep and awake, getting into his automobile or eating his lunch; hence the literary interview and the literary paragraph and the literary rumor. All these things are thought to be a necessary part of necessary advertising. Writers would need to be more than mortal to withstand it, and would have to feel very sure of posthumous immortality to expose themselves to neglect, while alive, through unwillingness to resort to the customary means of being, for one day, our most promising novelist.

If it be said that it is all a question of personal vanity, and that a writer may be as vain in shunning public notice of his favorite underwear, as in seeking it, the reply is that the shrinking vanity is the less offensive. It is also getting to be the most self-satisfying. With the old tradition of literary impersonality abandoned, and with every schoolgirl who writes pictured and placarded, the real distinction and the true vainglory will soon consist in *not* having been photographed in your bathing suit, or interviewed in bed.

## *THE DECLINE OF BOOK-BUYING.*

Is the good old fashion of buying books dying out? The fashion is not, perhaps, so old as some of us think; for Boswell assures us that in the age of Anne, "booksellers' shops in the provincial towns of England were very rare, so that there was not one even in Birmingham." But some publishers seem to fear that we are relapsing into the condition of the Birmingham of two centuries ago. They tell us that in this country the demand for books has by no means kept pace with the demand for other commodities, and that a generation or two since, the market for books was—considering the population and wealth of the United States—better than to-day. On this subject a sidelight has been thrown by some letters to the London *Nation*, discussing books suitable for village libraries. One of the writers, Lady Rendel, after saying that the Welsh are "more ready to read, more quick to understand," adds:

> To prove what I have said about the Welshman's greater love of books, let me mention that on two occasions, once in a shepherd's hut away in the hills, I found a shelf of books; the second time in the cottage of a woman who kept the gate of the level crossing, still more books; and when I looked through them in each case, the books were of a strongly religious turn, abstruse and theological, and in both cases I borrowed a book which interested me deeply.

These examples can, we dare say, be matched in this country, East and West. Many a farm-house in the New England hills or on the prairies contains a small but well-chosen library, books which have inspired the children with an ambition for a college education, and perhaps an intellectual life. We ourselves have seen in a little hamlet in Maine, fifteen miles from a railway, a remarkable collection of the English poets—bought by an outwardly prosaic innkeeper for the sufficient reason that he wanted to read them. This, we grant, is an exceptional case; but at the same time it is not a general rule that men who have the most money and easiest access to book-shops possess the best libraries.

An observer from Boston has noted that New York houses, even those which are large and expensive, are planned on the theory that the occupant will not want more than two or three hundred books; and that our apartments are plainly not intended to hold more than fifty or a hundred volumes. The English, if we may believe Andrew Lang, are no better off. He has described the library as a room where no one goes, and where the master of the house keeps an assortment of walking-sticks, the "Waverley Novels," "Pearson on the Creed," and Hume's "Essays." Mr. Lang continues:

> Each generation passes without adding a book, except now and then a Bradshaw or a railway novel. . . . The success, perhaps, of circulating libraries, or, it may be, the Aryan tendencies of our race, "which does not read, and lives in the open air," have made books the rarest of possessions in many houses. There are relics of the age before circulating libraries, there are fragments of the lettered store of some scholarly great-grandfather, and these, with a few odd numbers of magazines, a few primers and manuals, some sermons, and novels, make up the ordinary library of an English household.

From this, it is a far cry back to Richard de Bury, with a separate library in each of his residences, and in the house in which he was staying at the moment, so many books about his bedchamber that it was hardly possible to stand or move without treading on them.

Circulating libraries are put down by Mr. Lang as the chief of sinners; and doubtless Mr. Carnegie and his collaborators have much to answer for. But the evidence is by no means clear. If some people fall into the habit of borrowing books from public libraries, instead of buying them, other people, by seeing books at the library, may easily be fired with a desire to own them. A more potent influence, so far as our personal observation goes, is the increase in the number of magazines. The more ten-cent and other periodicals there are to read, the less likelihood that a man will turn to books, unless his taste is uncommonly well developed. Indeed, steady devotion to the cheap picture papers with which the world is flooded may effectually prevent the formation of a taste for anything so extensive and solid as even the average novel. Apparently, many persons have become so addicted to "storyettes" and three-page sketches that they cannot fix their attention on anything for more than half an hour.

But, above all, books must now compete with many other forms of recreation. The Welsh peasants whom Lady Rendel met, the Maine innkeeper of our acquaintance, turned to books partly, at least, because they had little else to do. If they were overwhelmed with invitations to dinner and luncheon, if they were members of attractive clubs, if they were offered every night the choice of a dozen theatrical or operatic performances, if their daylight hours were occupied with automobiling or other outdoor sports, the Welsh shepherd and the farmer of Massachusetts or Iowa would become just as illiterate as our fashionable folk of New York. That is a cruel thing to say of any intelligent and self-respecting man; but it is true. We cannot admit that the members of our "smart set," with all their stupidity and their passion for the inanities, are actuated by any settled principle against buying and reading books. They do, as

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a matter of fact, buy handsomely printed and bound "subscription" sets; buy them, we hold, with a full intention of reading some day. But so many other things must be done that the day never comes. The families who read are the fairly educated of the middle class—the families of lawyers, clergymen, teachers, doctors, and the like. They cannot afford to give many and expensive dinner parties; they cannot go to the theatre often; they actually have time to look at a book now and then. This is one reason why the rapid increase in our wealth does not mean a vastly greater demand for books. The people who get rich are by that very event swept into a circle of pleasure-seekers who have not a moment for reading. "We make debts for clothes and champagne," says Henry James's Miss Light, "but we can't spend a sou on our poor benighted minds."

## *OUR INFANT CRITICS.*

The editor of the *Book Review*, published by the graduating classes of Public School 147, Manhattan, writes us: "Dear Friend—Your opinion of our paper will be greatly appreciated." Let us say at the outset that the paper is surprisingly good—under the circumstances. There are the usual items of school news and other odds and ends; but, as the name indicates, the literary articles are the contributions of which our young friends are proudest. We have summaries and critical estimates of Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," of "Oliver Twist," "Ivanhoe," "Hamlet," Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," and Edward Brooks's "Story of the Odyssey." The children who have favored us with these book reviews are still in grammar school, that is, they are about fourteen years old. No one of them would pretend that he was impelled to write by sheer love of literature. The teacher set a subject for a "composition," and the pupil, like a little man, did his best with it. And why did the teacher choose such absurd topics? Because this is supposed to be the way to teach the art of writing English. This is an old bone of ours, but we intend to gnaw at it again.

Time was, a generation or two ago, when the subjects on which children were asked to exercise their powers were even more ridiculous: "Spring," "Winter," "Hope," "Perseverance," "Ideals," "Personal Influence," "Knowledge," "Music." With such themes as these our unhappy youth would wrestle and finally produce a string of sentences, often ungrammatical, generally vague and meaningless. The fact is that but few professional authors are capable of soaring into the realm of the abstract; and for children the attempt is simply futile. Their ideas are too hazy to be grasped and arranged in logical order—the most valuable discipline that practice in composition affords. Our infant Emersons wander hopelessly lost in a maze of twaddling generalities. Subjects drawn from books are, we grant, not quite so unhappy. The book does offer some substance into which the pupil can set his teeth. Summarizing—in limited amount—is a good exercise in composition; but from a pretty careful examination of themes written by children of all ages, we must conclude that writing literary criticism is beyond the range of most college students. For youngsters in high school, and, even more, in grammar school, it is commonly a waste of time or worse.

For one thing, literary criticism is the kind of writing which is least called for in the practical business of life. In the professions—law, medicine, theology, engineering—in all branches of commerce, men are asked to narrate events, to describe places, objects, and persons, to explain mechanical and other processes, and to present arguments dealing with brute materials; and exercise in writing along these lines is therefore extremely practical—specially important for pupils who are to enjoy no formal education beyond grammar or high school. But mere utility is not the only or perhaps the most weighty consideration. Until children have reached the age at which they can handle abstractions with reasonable firmness, they do better with concrete matters. Their literary criticism is either an echo of the teacher's words, or it is in that loose and flabby style that is the mark of slipshod thinking, and that helps to confirm the vicious habit. Of what advantage is it to set down such helter-skelter observations as these on "Sohrab and Rustum"?

> I am of a rather serious turn of mind regarding stories or poems—that is, I like a sad and sombre poem, or a wild and fearful story which holds me enthralled. Who does not appreciate the poem of Sohrab and Rustum? The cramped little student, studying away, cramming his head and filling his brain with mathematics, will, likely, not have a clear conception of Sohrab and Rustum. He—but as our teacher requires us to state a few reasonable causes for liking and disliking the poem, I will cease delivering my essay on the student and continue. I think the poem teaches us a lesson in patience and heroism. Sohrab certainly was a wonderful example of the two aforesaid qualities. I had also a more clear idea of Persia and Turkestan after I had perused and studied the work.
>
> I know but one cause for disliking the book. Although, as I said before, a sad work is my favorite, I prefer the ending to be happy. Although in a way the conclusion was a happy one, father and son being reunited, it really was too bad that Sohrab was doomed to die by the hand of Rustum.

In justice to our grammar schools and high schools, we must add that this wretched system of instruction in composition was thrust on them from above, despite the earnest protests of many of the most skilful teachers. This literary criticism is the result of the college requirement in English. The colleges insist that certain books are to be read and studied, and the entrance examination in composition—the proof that the candidate can express himself with "clearness, force, and elegance"—is based on these works. Hence, in the high school and on down to the slaughtered innocents of the grammar school the pupils are kept busy writing and writing about books. The curriculum for all students is shaped with an eye to the unpractical test for admission to college. Consider, for example, these questions from a recent entrance paper:

> What does the Spectator mean when he says that Sir Roger is "something of a humorist"? Define Sir Roger's peculiar humor, and contrast it with that of some other character in the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.
>
> Which, in your opinion, is the superior character, Cassius or Antony? Give the reasons for your opinion.
>
> "The best-drawn character in 'Ivanhoe' is that of the Templar." Discuss this statement.

In nine cases out of ten the answers to such questions must be stilted and stupid little compositions. No one but a lunatic would think of training newspaper reporters by asking them to write about the characterization and the diction in the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers. The reporter is assigned to something definite and concrete. But your professor of literature in college is accustomed to talk to his classes about the mysteries of characterization and diction; and therefore he must send all subfreshmen to this "school of posturing and melancholy self-deception."

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has broken the mould, and, as Prof. H. L. Seaver noted in the *Nation* of December 26, 1907, now gives at the entrance examination one "composition" question in no way connected with the required books, aimed solely to discover the candidate's capacity for written expression. It is an example which should be widely followed. But even if we retain more or less literary criticism in the secondary schools, we ought at least to banish it from the grammar grades.

## CONFERENCE ON ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS IN ENGLISH.

The Conference on Uniform Entrance Requirements in English, which met at Teachers College in this city last Friday and Saturday, made an almost insignificant change in the list of books recommended for admission to college; but nevertheless this conference is undoubtedly more significant, at least in a negative way, than any of its predecessors since the first. The conference has in the past set a sort of standard for a course in literature; and this standard has powerfully helped teachers of literature to wring support from indifferent governing boards. As a

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result, the claim of literature to a place as important as that of any other subject in school curricula is on the way to full establishment. The conference is satisfied that, without jeopardy what it has already gained, it may now attempt to go beyond tentative plans, such as conditions have so far required, and to discover and apply a general principle.

Although the custom of such conferences has been to provide a list of books for three years, one of the early steps of this session was to vote that the immediate recommendation, whatever it might be, should be for a single year, and that adjournment should be not *sine die*, but for one year. In other words, the conference desired a year for perfecting a comprehensive plan. The next step was to adopt for 1912 the list for 1909-1911, with only two detailed changes. A committee was then chosen to take up the whole principle underlying the choice of books and its relation to composition. The members are Prof. W. L. Cross, Yale; Prof. F. T. Baker, Teachers College, New York; Wilson Farrand, Newark Academy; Superintendent H. E. Giles, Hinsdale, Ill.; and Prof. J. B. Henneman, University of the South. This committee is to consult teachers and other persons throughout the country on many points: for example, the desirability of a defined requirement in grammar, the desirability of distinguishing in a course in literature between books "to be read" and books "to be studied," the best method of testing a student's understanding and appreciation of literature, and the comparative weight to be given to appreciation of literature and to ability to write. The conference declared in favor of greater attention to composition than most schools are now giving.

A matter of weight in the deliberations of the conference was the fact that, since the list adopted three years ago has been modified by several important colleges in the East, the entrance requirements are not actually uniform, and hence the last conference by so much failed in its avowed aim. If a student who has been carefully fitted for college changes his choice of a college late in his sub-freshman year, he may be unprepared to pass the examination. This situation led the conference to seek a change in its own standing. At present it has no permanent organization, no constitution. Though the members are all representatives of organized bodies, they are without authority to bind those organizations. These anomalous conditions led to a vote instructing the committee already chosen to submit a plan of permanent organization. Such a plan will no doubt provide something like authority for the conference, and will continue representation for various local and scholastic interests throughout the country.

## NEW HITTITE RECORDS.

Prof. Hugo Winckler of the University of Berlin has published in the *Mitteilungen der Deutschen Orient Gesellschaft* further details regarding the discoveries made by him at Boghaz-Köi in the summer of 1907 (see the *Nation*, October 31, 1907), and has attempted to sketch in general outlines the historical picture which is unfolded to our view through the new documents. It appears that Professor Winckler has made considerable progress in deciphering the valuable archive that he was fortunate enough to discover in 1906, and to which additions were made last summer. Having established the fact that Boghaz-Köi marks the site of the centre of the Hittite empire as early as the fifteenth century B. C., and that the name of this centre was Khatti, he concludes that the language on such of the cuneiform tablets discovered there as are not written in Babylonian is, in all probability, none other than the Hittite translated into cuneiform characters; and numerous as the difficulties are which must still be overcome before the decipherment can be pronounced even semi-satisfactory, Professor Winckler has successfully determined the proper names and the general sense of many of the tablets—thanks in part to the ideographic system of writing titles and some of the catchwords. Professor Winckler has also settled, in a manner that will generally be regarded as convincing, that the Hittite language was an Indo-European tongue. Perhaps the greatest surprise of all revealed by the Hittite archive is the occurrence of the Hindu deities Mithras, Indra, Varuna, and the "twin" deity Nasatya. The presence of these names points to the worship of these gods in Asia Minor in the fifteenth century B. C., and definitely establishes the Aryan strain in the Hittite conglomeration of peoples. The significance of this discovery is further set forth in a paper just issued by Prof. Eduard Meyer on "The First Appearance of the Aryans in History."

In the matter of historical details, the documents, in the form chiefly of official letters, chronicles, and drafts of agreements, reveal the names of seven Hittite rulers in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries B. C., representing five generations. Of these rulers, four were known through Egyptian records or through the cuneiform archive found at Tell-Amarna; and with the help of those contemporary documents the political situation is now placed in a clear light. The supremacy of the Hittites at this period was recognized throughout Syria and along the Phœnician coast down to southern Palestine, so that there is no longer any reason to question the correctness of Old Testament traditions which refer to an early contest between Hebrews and Hittites. The Hebrews themselves appear at this period as Khabiri (the older form of Ibri), and are regarded as synonymous with Bedouins.

Another ethnic group prominently mentioned in Old Testament records, the Horites, appear in these remarkable Hittite records as Kharri, exercising a control for a time over a district, Mitani, in northeastern Syria, and when hard pressed, entering into a compact with the Hittites. This district Mitani is, next to the Hittite region proper, the most important power of western Asia Minor (in the larger sense) during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Among the documents in the Tell-Amarna archives are several letters addressed to the ruler of Egypt, Amenophis III., from Tushratta, the king of Mitani; and these are now supplemented by "Hittite" records in which the relationship of the Hittite rulers to Mitani is set forth. Supported by Egyptian favor, Tushratta had succeeded in laying siege to Nineveh, and in at least threatening also the prestige of Babylonia. After the death of Tushratta, however, a decline in the power of Mitani sets in, and the district falls under the control of the Hittites, though not without a show of energetic resistance. The same Hittite rulers who forced Mitani to subjection also interfered with the internal affairs of Babylonia. Indeed, evidence of a Hittite invasion of the Euphrates Valley as early as circa 1900 B. C., is now forthcoming, but the Hittites were driven out again by the Cassites, who, from circa 1757 B. C. until circa 1182 remained in control of Babylonia.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.
University of Pennsylvania.

## NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

An interesting book on portraits of Washington has just been printed at the Gillis Press for Charles A. Munn, who has a notable collection of engraved portraits of Washington and other famous men of the Revolution. The work, entitled "Three Types of Washington Portraits," is primarily a description of three portraits in oil which Mr. Munn has recently acquired, but it contains much interesting information about other Washington portraits. The three originals owned by Mr. Munn are: (1.) A full-length, painted in 1780 by John Trumbull, who sold it to M. de Neufville of the Amsterdam banking house. This was the original copied by Valentine Green in his *mezzotint of 1781*, the first authentic portrait of Washington published in Europe. For more than a hundred years the whereabouts of this painting was unknown. (2.) A full-length, painted by Charles Wilson Peale at some date between 1780 and 1783. It was purchased in 1906 by Mr. Munn in Ireland, from the great-grandson of Joseph Wilson, a Philadelphia merchant who, in 1794, was appointed by Washington to be United States consul at Dublin. (3.) Head and shoulders, face to the right, painted by Gilbert Stuart in 1795 for Mr. Scott of Lancaster, Pa. As a matter of record Mr. Munn prints in full letters and documents establishing the authenticity of his three portraits. The volume contains sixteen reproductions, including portraits of Trumbull, Peale, and Stuart, besides paintings and engravings of Washington and a curious chintz bed-curtain containing a portrait of Washington after Trumbull's painting. Two hundred and twenty-five copies have been printed.

Included in the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company's auction of March 3 are books and pamphlets on Lincoln and Washington, and Confederate imprints. On March 4 and 5 the firm sells the library of George C. Sawyer of Nashua, N. H., largely Americana, including local histories of New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, and other States, Wheelock's tracts, relating to the Indian Charity School, and other books on the Indians, and early American trials. A rarity is a copy of Jonathan Parsons's sermon, "Good News from a Far Country," Portsmouth, N. H., 1756, the first book printed in New Hampshire. No copy seems to have been offered at public sale since 1895, when $55 was paid at C. F. Libbie's in Boston.

The Anderson Auction Company's sale of

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March 2 and 3 includes some good books on the Indians, among them a copy (slightly imperfect) of Daniel Clark Sander's anonymous "History of the Indian Wars with the First Settlers of the United States, Particularly in New England," Montpelier, 1812.

The library of Brunetière, which has just been sold at auction in Paris, brought 43,531 francs. Many of the books were annotated at length by M. Brunetière. .

# Correspondence.

## ANOTHER WORD FOR OUIDA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of January 30, in noticing the death of Ouida, you say: "No one confesses to admiring her novels, and yet every one has been amused by them." May I rise to a point of order, if not to one of personal privilege, to assert that there are, undoubtedly, many who will confess to admiring her novels; and trespass upon your space to say why these people find them admirable?

Ouida's position has always been unique. She first gained the public ear near fifty years ago, and, till she recently ceased to publish, she retained her audience. Nor were her productions merely ephemeral "best sellers"; the old continued to sell after the new appeared. In the aggregate, probably a million copies of her novels have been sold; and a considerable number of them bid fair to sell for a long time to come. Such a phenomenon, it seems to me, is in no wise explained by the reasons which you assign for her popularity: viz., that she "frequently offers us what her admirers might call a rattling good yarn," compounded chiefly of "mystery, disappearance, and conspiracy," dashed with the salacious, but devoid of "eloquence, ideas, skilful delineation of human traits," etc., etc. Such an equipment, and nothing else, could not have won and kept her immense popularity. In these things alone she was equalled by a crowd of the novelists of her generation, and excelled by more than a few of them. Were this all, she would long since have disappeared with them and left nothing but a list of titles in Allibone.

Ouida's popularity I should assign to the fact that she was a woman of genius who, through her fictions, brought the world of readers into contact with an intense personality, always strikingly idiosyncratic, and possessed of a strong fascination. That she "pleased the crowd rather than the critics" (I find this phrase in a biographical notice in an eminently respectable British publication), is, of course, true. And, moreover, instead of endeavoring to please the critics, she let it be understood that to her their good opinion was immaterial. She was bound to pay the penalty. In the case of Ouida, the critic, who is not likely to be pleased with what pleases "the crowd," has done his best to disseminate the opinion the she was the purveyor of meretricious fiction, which was in no sense "literature." So far as my research has disclosed, the unsigned appreciation in the Warner Library seems the only criticism not penned in a disapproving spirit that any literary reference work has to offer.

"Meretricious"—that is the inevitable epithet; with "salacious" and "unsavory" running it hard. And that Ouida is at times meretricious is but too true. She has offered us falsities and extravagances. But, for that matter, so have most novelists; Dickens, for instance; and Balzac—and a majority of the demi-gods before whose altars the incense arises in never-ceasing clouds. If I were to relate that Ouida hangs in the salon of a mercenary courtesan "two pictures by Greuze, two by Watteau, two heads by Van Dyck, two landscapes by Ruysdael, and two by Le Guaspre, a Rembrandt, a Holbein, a Murillo, a Titian, two paintings by Teniers, a pair by Metzu, a Van Huyzum, and an Abraham Mignon," it would be hailed by the critics as the quintessence of Ouidaism. Yet she never did this. But Balzac did—and then added: "In short, 200,000 francs' worth of pictures, superbly framed. *The gilding was worth almost as much as the paintings.*" (The italics are mine.) Such a climax of barbarism and vulgarity the entire range of Ouida's exaggerations cannot match.

The legend of the "salaciousness" of Ouida's novels is an interesting souvenir of the mid-Victorian epoch. It was her misfortune to attain celebrity in an era which excelled in hypocrisy and pseudo-morality—the era which Swinburne shocked into such spasms of virtuous indignation with "Poems and Ballads"; the era in which critics exalted the fame of George Eliot, but pronounced anathema upon novels whose heroes or heroines adopted her unconventional mode of life. It was into this smug and self-righteous literary world that Ouida—I quote another eminently respectable British publication—"introduced a new and rather French note of sensual passion, previously unknown in English fiction." But the reader of to-day who pries into Ouida to feed a base appetite for this quality will be sadly disappointed: he will feel like demanding his money back at the box-office—particularly if he has lately followed through the pages of two of our chastest magazines the fictions of two ladies of the most eminent respectability.

That Ouida did introduce a new and exotic element into English fiction is true. In temperament and methods she was distinctly un-English; nor were any of her literary masters English. She herself said: "I read few English books for pleasure; I prefer the literatures of other countries." Essentially she was Continental; and a considerable part of her easily-won popularity was due to the fact that she first familiarized English readers of fiction with ideas, manners, and morals which have since become commonplaces through the opening up to them of the Continental literatures—not merely the French, but the Italian, the Spanish, the German, the Scandinavian, and the Russian. It should be remembered that when Ouida's début was made, the Continental novelists were almost wholly untranslated; while such of their works as had been Englished were chiefly of the second and third class, well Bowdlerized for the benefit of that insular hypocrisy which was passed on from London to Boston and New York.

Sexual passion plays a large part in Ouida's novels; and she has not treated it in the five-o'clock-tea manner. Her attitude toward it is almost masculine; nor does she pander to it deliberately, as is fashionable to-day with female novelists. Simply, she recognized it for what it was and is; and, if some of her immoral characters were made attractive, it was because life itself presents many such to view. Moreover, she never indulged in those excursions into the pathology of the erotic now so much in vogue; whose authors—principally women—spare us nothing, and for their "bravery" and "artistic rectitude" are critically applauded. Such passion as she depicts has at least the extenuation of warm-bloodedness, if no other. There are no swathings of subliminal neurosis in undulations of anæmic subtlety.

"Mystery, disappearance, conspiracy," were instruments that Ouida did not use in some of her most successful efforts. If we except "Under Two Flags," her most popular book is probably "Wanda"; yet it is almost destitute of those elements. Such mystery as it contains is conventional, and disclosed to the reader at the outset of the story; and it has no disappearances, no conspiracies, worth mention. For its interest it depends almost entirely upon its character and atmospheric values, both of which are wonderfully well sustained. It is a very human book, its *dramatis personæ* become very real, and it is essentially noble; while its exaggerations are artistically defensible. "Ariadne" is another novel in which the plot is of the slightest, and is conventional. Here, again, character—or, more properly, temperament—and atmosphere, make the story. No piece of English fiction makes Rome so vivid. It is permeated and saturated with the Roman spirit, both of the Rome of its day (now greatly changed) and the antique pagan Rome, which so many British and American novelists have endeavored—with what stale and tepid, what alien and guide-bookish results—to utilize.

To accomplish what she accomplished, it was necessary that Ouida should have been a literary artist—and such, in truth, she was, though by no means a perfect one; indeed, at times almost unforgivably imperfect, for a woman of her capacities. Her imperfections arose from lack of self-restraint and self-criticism, and from over-productiveness. Neither her emotions nor her tastes were disciplined. Her style is picturesque and ornamental; and, as Lafcadio Hearn says, "An ornamental style must be perfect or full of atrocious discords and incongruities: and perfect ornamentation requires slow work." Ouida, as we know, wrote very rapidly—"Idalia," "Under Two Flags," and "Tricotrin" all appeared within two years. Hence imperfections in craftsmanship accentuated defects of taste. Nevertheless she has achieved many passages which are of exquisite beauty and without blemish, and which cannot, as examples of poetic, eloquent, impassioned prose, easily be matched in English fiction. Their quality is lyrical, and their lyric beauty, while often merely sensuous, is often of a rare delicacy of feeling and imagination. To Mrs. Oliphant, who was as incapable of similar effects as a wren is incapable of the song of a nightingale, it is not strange that they failed to appeal except as "high-flown word paintings"; but to Tennyson, who was a poet;

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to Mr. Lang, who is a poet, and to poets of my own acquaintance, they do appeal, and strongly.

A final reason for Ouida's popularity with so large and varied a class of readers is set forth in her essay "Unwritten Literary Laws":

> To the writer, as to the reader of a story, it should seem absolutely true. . . . The illusion of reality is only strong in the reader according to the strength of that illusion in the writer. . . . Some such illusion must always exist whilst the reader reads fiction, or fiction would have no attraction for any one.

This illusion Ouida possessed the faculty of creating. She managed to convey the impression of her story's being true, despite the fact that it was untrue—was often impossible. The modern "detached" attitude of the novelist she did not—in all likelihood, could not—assume. But in this she was perhaps wise; for as the aloofness of the average novelist increases, so also does the remoteness of his appeal. It is our consciousness of the personal presence of Dickens and Thackeray and Reade, of Meredith and Hardy and Mr. DeMorgan, of Balzac, of Hugo, and of Daudet, that delights us in their fictions—that and the sense of their personal belief in their own creations. Turguéneff alone achieves both detachment and warmth; but his detachment is seeming rather than real. Flaubert achieved detachment to the *n*th power, but while he leaves us in paroxysms of critical admiration, he has failed altogether to touch our hearts—as every performance in which virtuosity is supreme inevitably must fail. Generations of readers have wept, and will continue to weep, over the fate of Cigarette; but can it be conceived that any one ever wept over that of Emma Bovary? JOHN L. HERVEY.

Chicago, February 18.

## THE "SHALLOW WATERS OF THE SHORT STORY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: By way of commentary on your editorial of February 6, in which you declare that the short story is the lowest type of imaginative literature, I beg to quote the following passage from Henry James's new preface to "Roderick Hudson," in the collective New York Edition of his novels and tales:

> I recall again the quite uplifted sense with which my idea, such as it was, permitted me at last to put quite out to sea. I had but hugged the shore on sundry previous small occasions; bumping about, to acquire skill, in the shallow waters and sandy coves of the "short story," and master as yet of no vessel constructed to carry sail. X.

New York, February 21.

## LANG VS. SCOTT IN ST. MARY'S.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In your issue of October 31, under Notes, you say, in regard to Mr. Andrew Lang's "Poets' Country": "He knows how to slip in little controlling facts," etc., and you quote from Mr. Lang:

> It is by a loving stretch of loving memory that Scott ventures to say:
>
> Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink.
>
> There are no mountains, nothing is "abrupt," nothing is "sheer"; green, grassy slopes descend placidly to the loch on one side, the other side is a plain, to which hills fall easily. It is quite true that there are no trees, except where the "slender line" of land parts St. Mary's from the Loch of Lowes. There is even no "trace of silver sand," there is merely the white margin of dry stones, ordinary stones, whatever their formation may be. As to "a thousand rills," unless you call Meggat water a "rill" (it is a sizable burn), I do not think there is a rill about the place.

Now I know St. Mary's, I have visited it frequently, and have lived two months at a time there; and I cannot conceive what made Mr. Lang write as he did, unless, indeed, his love of contradiction got the better of him. Sir Walter's description is much nearer the literal truth than Mr. Lang's. The hills are "green and grassy," it is true, but they rise abruptly from the loch. On the southeast side Peat Law, a hill 1,737 feet high, rises so abruptly that only a narrow footpath is obtainable. About half-way, where Bourhope water runs down, from between Peat Law and Bourhope Law, into the loch, there is a little plateau on which stands Bourhope farm house, and from there to the head of the loch there is a narrow driving road. On the northwest side the driving road has been terraced on the hillside all the way, except in two places: one near the foot of the loch, where the Dryhope and Kirkstead glens meet; and the second about half-way, where the Meggat water runs into the loch. Neither of these places is half a mile in extent. I find Mr. Lang's "plain" a much greater exaggeration than Sir Walter's poetical license, "abrupt and sheer."

Mr. Lang says there are no rills about the place; in Bartholomew's reduced ordnance survey map, which I have before me as I write, ten streams, exclusive of the Meggat, are marked. Mr. Lang evidently has not seen St. Mary's after a few days' heavy rainfall, when not only these ten are visible, but so many other rills are tumbling down the hillsides as to excuse Sir Walter's "thousand rills." G. P.

Murrayfield, Midlothian, January 7.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: I fear that I must differ from G. P.'s letter on the topography of St. Mary's Loch. I have fished it, in all weathers, since early boyhood. Scott, with his habitual generosity, speaks of the "mountains." There are no mountains on the Border; there are "considerable protuberances," big round-shouldered green hills. Their sides are not, at St. Mary's, "sheer" (as the poet too kindly sings); at most the slopes are steepish. As to "rills," Scott's statistics assure us that there are "a thousand"; G. P. finds ten "colored on the card." In fine weather, such as Scott describes, the ten, like the Styx, contain "just enough water to swear by," but evade the non-scientific observer. Scott is not speaking of the loch after heavy rain lasting for a week. As to Scott's "silver sand," G. P. attempts no defence of a statement which merely proves that Scott never fished the loch from the shore. In short, Sir Walter wrote about the loch as he did about the dramas of Miss Joanna Baillie. In his own words, he added "a cocked hat and a sword." A. LANG.

St. Andrews, Fife, February 8.

## QUALIFICATIONS OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: The difficulties in the way of securing suitable persons to act as trustees of the public s hools—a subject recently discussed in your columns—have been in the past almost insurmountable and probably will continue so for years to come. School trustees should be one of two things: either experts in the line of business that they undertake to supervise, or simply persons of sound common sense and becoming modesty. As a rule they are neither. Experts in practical psychology, pedagogy, and school administration are exceedingly rare. School trustees who frankly acknowledge their limitations in such matters are still rarer. In ordinary circumstances about all that a school board ought to undertake to do is to select a capable superintendent—one who is neither a fanatic nor a fossil—and, after that, follow his advice. This the average school trustee is unwilling to do. He is likely to take himself seriously and to assume that appointment or election to office endows him with the necessary qualifications—instantly, *ipso facto*, miraculously.

This readiness to undertake the function of any and every public office, regardless of equipment, is an extraordinary feature of American public life. Nor is the willingness of the public to accept candidates of manifest incompetence easily explained. The successful butcher, baker, and even man-milliner, haven't the slightest hesitation in becoming guardians of public education—a place for which they are palpably unfitted—and without a qualm of conscience they legislate on matters which they cannot possibly understand. If the same butcher, baker, or man-milliner were put in command of a hospital or a street railway or a saw-mill, or of any commercial, industrial, or mercantile enterprise, the public would instantly enter vigorous protest. What does the expert in sausages and hams know about psychology? What have fried cakes and mince pie to do with pedagogy? How much are the opinions of the man whose thoughts revolve on women's hats and ribbons worth in school administration? When the successful boiler-maker, chair-manufacturer, or sewer-builder talks about art or finance or international policy, the public laughs. But the doctrine of *ne sutor* does not apply to public affairs.

Whatever the genesis of this popular hallucination, the practical outcome is a belief that it is wise to pick up any respectable citizen, of fair average intelligence, and to set him over a vast and complicated organization dealing with deep and intricate questions of public policy, with right to dictate to and overrule experts who have devoted their lives to the subject. The sane American who admits that a private enterprise conducted on these principles would go into bankruptcy within six months seems unable to apply the same process of reasoning to public affairs. M.

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# Notes.

The "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," by her husband, Prof. George Herbert Palmer of Harvard, will be published in April by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It may be looked forward to as a book of great interest.

Gaillard Hunt has edited Madison's "Journal of the Constitutional Convention," and added notes with comparisons made from the less complete chronicles of the convention kept by Yates, King, and Pierce. The book, in two volumes, will be published by Putnams next month.

Paul Elder & Co. announce as forthcoming, "The Mother of California," by A. W. North; "The Secrets of Beauty and the Mysteries of Health," by Mrs. J. B. Potter, and "Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor," by Wallace Irwin.

A second edition of Irving B. Richman's "Rhode Island: Its Making and Its Meaning (1636-83)" has been issued, unabridged in a single volume, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. In the *Nation* of January 1, 1903, our reviewer said that the work was "an unusually careful and impartial piece of investigation," and must be considered "a valuable contribution to American colonial history."

The country has been somewhat slow in taking in the fact that in the maintenance of the cause of the Union the navy performed work to the full as important as the army. Even so distinguished an historian as Rhodes has been sharply taken to task by no less a critic than C. F. Adams for a quite inadequate presentation of what was done upon the waters. Intelligent Confederate writers indeed ascribe their defeat more to the navy than to the army, and perhaps posterity will think this correct. The publication of the Official Naval Records, delayed until these later years, makes it now possible to know exactly what the navy did. "The Cruise and Captures of the Alabama," by Albert M. Goodrich (Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson & Co.), is a graphic, impartial, and trustworthy résumé, based upon the documents of what was perhaps the most picturesque and important episode of the ocean warfare.

Men still in active life recall that in the map of North America of their school days, a vast area of the West, the profuse dotting suggesting illimitable land, was labelled the "Great American Desert." This region stood in boyish imagination as a true counterpart of Sahara. An intelligent writer in a book published as late as 1858 expresses the idea that the exploration of Lewis and Clark, though picturesque and heroic, had little practical value, the country laid open being quite too barren and lying too far north for human habitation. To those desiring to know how this great Western area, wholesome in climate, abounding in resources, agricultural and mineral, swarming with a population of millions, has come to be regarded as a choice part of the United States, "The Great Plains," by Randall Parrish (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), affords excellent information. We have here an interesting story of the transformation of a wilderness into commonwealths on the whole well-administered, societies of flourishing, highly civilized men, who believe their land to be the best on which the sun shines.

Life in Cincinnati seventy years ago is charmingly pictured in the privately printed "Tribute to Sarah Elliott Perkins by her granddaughter, Edith Perkins Cunningham." The author calls the book "Owls Nest," after the old family homestead, given recently to the city park by her father, the late president of the Cincinnati, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and his brother. The grandfather, James Handasyd Perkins, who was of a well-known Boston family, came to the West in 1832, and during the closing years of his life was pastor of the Unitarian Church at Cincinnati, in succession to his biographer, the Rev. William H. Channing. Both he and his wife, who came from Guilford, Conn., were active in literary, educational, and philanthropic work, and their house was a centre of generous hospitality. Among their friends were Salmon P. Chase and Dr. Lyman Beecher and his daughters, Harriet and Catherine. The latter is characterized as "one of the best, most sensible, witty, entertaining personages whom fate ever kept single." Among the figures which flit across the pages are Harriet Martineau, Fredrika Bremer, Fanny Kemble, Charlotte Cushman, Dorothea Dix, Daniel Webster, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. As one catches glimpses of them in the gatherings of the Semi-Colon Club and other recreative entertainments, it is difficult to realize that Mrs. Trollope has described Cincinnati at that time, in her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," as "the *triste* little town" where billiards and cards were forbidden by law, and theatre-going was regarded as "an offence against religion." The narrative, however, is not confined to this place, but has much of interest to Bostonians, and ranges from London to San Domingo.

"The Home Life of Poe," by Susan Archer Weiss, is not, and does not claim to be, a full biography of the poet, nor is it written with any literary grace. Within its own field, however, as an intimate portrait of Poe and of those with whom he lived from childhood to death, we regard it as the sanest and truest book yet published. The failings of the man are not concealed, but they are treated humanly, with neither the attempt to throw the blame for them on others, as certain advocates have tried to do, nor the more common gloating over his weaknesses which has been carried on by most biographers from the jealousies aroused by Poe among his contemporaries. Possibly there is a touch of undue animosity shown against Mrs. Clemm and her daughter, but on the whole the story of that strange triangular family as here given seems to us more authentic and natural than as it comes to us through Professor Woodberry (whom Mrs. Weiss persistently calls Woodbury). And so also in regard to Poe's relations with women during his latter years. To see the writer of the exquisite poems to "Helen" and "Annie" fluttering between a morbid susceptibility to feminine charms and a desire to find a wife who would supply him with money, to see him rushing from one eligible party to another, is not a spectacle flattering to our human nature. These sordid, vulgar episodes should never have been made public at all; yet, as it is too late to recall them, the next best thing is to have them in their true light, as they are here presented. Mrs. Weiss is right in laying Poe's errors to weakness of will and not to viciousness; she leaves us with more of pity for the man than of indignation against him. And withal, though the responsibility for his errors cannot be shifted upon any other shoulders than his own, yet, in his larger relation to the public, in his terrible struggle with poverty, he was as much sinned against as sinning. Mrs. Weiss corrects some minor details of fact in regard to Poe's marriage, his quarrel with Mrs. Allan, and other matters; she gives also a curious bit of conversation between the poet and herself over "The Raven"; but her chief service is in presenting a thoroughly human likeness of one about whom legends were not slow to flourish, and, indeed, still flourish. (Broadway Publishing Company.)

One volume of Horace Traubel's shirt-sleeve Boswellianism was tolerable, even valuable, a second volume of 563 closely printed pages is too much for patience. ("With Walt Whitman in Camden," D. Appleton & Co.). What profit there can be in following the record of Whitman's health day by weary day, in reading the diary of his trivial talk night by weary night, we do not see. The fact is, that Whitman comes out of this terrible ordeal a lessened man. Of intellectual life he had small measure, and it becomes monotonous to have two or three ideas drummed into one's ears over and over a thousand times. Curiously enough, though he never misses a fling at the "literary fellers" and cannot think of a literary class in America without being struck "with a laugh or with nausea," almost all his conversation that has much point or interest is about books and writers. Occasionally, as in his criticism of Heine, he exhibits rather startling powers of discrimination. Oftener his insatiable egotism is the arbiter, and he divides authors, as he divides all other men, into two classes, Whitmanites and non-Whitmanites. Such absorption as he betrays in his own work is extraordinary, even among the vanities of authors. This is the one theme about which conversation forever revolves: the authentic revelation of the "Leaves of Grass" and their power as a touchstone to classify all men and books and events. Thus Emerson comes in for a good deal of discussion; there is something comical in the unconscious ignoring of the fact, by both Whitman and his satellite, that Emerson may have any value or meaning to the world apart from his relation to Whitman's message. As this pitiless exposure of the old man's fading days sets his intellectual poverty in a glaring light, so it changes the inspired utterances of his egotism to a senile self-importance. Even his experience of life becomes deceptively contracted in these memoirs. With all his garrulity, Whitman seems to have retained always a curious reticence about sundry events of his life. Some, but not many, of the letters copied are interesting. Perhaps the most significant is the really beautiful letter from Lionel Johnson, written when that ill-fated poet was only eighteen, and giving further evidence that the chief following of Whitman in Great Britain was among the over-ripe and over-educated, who were drawn by the roughness

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and coarse virility of the man. Yet, withal, though we must account these records as misjudged as they are extraordinary, and though we feel that Mr. Traubel is unqualified to distinguish between the real greatness and the fustian of Whitman's poems—yet withal there does rise at times through this deluge of trivialities and self-asserting vulgarities a word from the depths, revealing dimly the inspiration that saves the "Leaves of Grass." Mr. Traubel, we think, belittles his hero; it is even possible, if not probable, that Whitman himself never saw with the eye of the analyzing intellect the deep-seated sources of emotion and awe which feed his poetry at its best.

"A book of suggestion" is an excellent description of Annie Winsor Allen's "Home, School, and Vacation" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—a volume of detailed rules for bringing up children. The opening chapters are devoted to generalities and "what to avoid"; and the rest is constructive, with appended tables telling what should be accomplished at the various ages, both physically and mentally. The underlying principle in Mrs. Allen's scheme of education is well expressed by her phrases: "Not a month must be unheeded—the child will never come to that age again." This seems rather a dreadful thought in connection with babies, but possibly learning useful things may be made as easy and amusing as new games. One is tempted to think that more bodily and less mental exercise would be better; but Mrs. Allen makes allowance for that also, and constantly warns against over-stimulation. Her chapter on discipline is suggestive. The rules and remarks about older children to the age of twenty-one are of equal value and interest. Having taught successfully for a number of years, she is well qualified to speak of schools and schooling.

"Greece and the Ægean Islands," by Philip S. Marden. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is written in the spirit of the amateur who loves Greece, and who desires to allure others to visit her. To accomplish this object the author, describes his own experiences in Crete, Athens, Delphi, the Argolid, Olympia, Delos, Samos, Rhodes, Thera, Corfu, and other places; but since he frankly disclaims a scientific acquaintance with Greece, he undertakes the difficult task of poaching on the preserves of the archæologists. His best chapters, accordingly, are those in which, as in his excellent accounts of modern Athens, Arcadia, Andhritsaena, and Thera, he treats of present conditions, delightful scenery, or incidents of the way; for here his unfamiliarity with the literature, history, and art of Greece is less of a handicap. For example, the chapters on Crete and Delphi might have been made more interesting, without being cumbered with technicalities, if they had recounted the romantic history of the remarkable excavations there. The few errors in statement may, perhaps, be denominated unfortunate inaccuracies rather than heinous offences. It is surprising to find that the lions of Mycenæ, after standing patiently on their hind legs for centuries, had sat down when Mr. Marden saw them (p. 178); and it would have been better to imply that Mr. Penrose and not Mr. Gardner, is really the exponent of the curvature of the Parthenon (p. 84); better not to accept the discarded view of the "treasuries" at Mycenæ (p. 184), and to hint that a controversy exists in regard to the Lysippus statue at Delphi (p. 166). The style, too, is not impeccable. To balance these blemishes there is a pleasing self-restraint in the avoidance of exuberant epithet, and a comparative absence of paragraphs that recall the manner of the incomparable Baedeker. The illustrations are admirable, and would make a book of much value and interest worth possessing.

A new version of Dante's much-translated "Inferno," has been made by the chief justice of the Australian Commonwealth, the Rt. Hon. Sir S. W. Griffith (Sydney: Angus & Robertson). There have been English renderings of Dante in many measures and in plain prose; this is one of the few attempts in English in the metre of the original. Has the author realized his ambition? Whatever else it may be, a translation must, first of all, be faithful, and so ripe an Italian scholar as Principal Harper of Sydney pronounces the new translation a marvel of accuracy. The measure is at once more and less debatable. If it would be too much to say that the lines never halt, in general they run smoothly. The fault of his versification is, not that it is unrhythmical, but that it is wooden. Often the language is not poetical at all; sometimes it is "pure pr—— no, 'tis not even prose," as Lowell said of Emerson's verses. The "ethereal lift" is wanting. The inner vision, painted as in flames on a background of darkness, is not there, or at least the translator fails to use such words as render it.

A book of verse, composed, set up, printed off (with its eleven large pictures from photographic blocks and its thirty-six cuts of Australian wild-flowers), bound and published by the author, is a curiosity even in these days of curiosities. Walt Whitman in both senses of the word composed the "Leaves of Grass," but he was a professional compositor. A. W. Brazier, author of "Music and Light and Other Verse," is a Melbourne librarian. Though obviously inspired by the great paintings that are used to illustrate them, his poems have a stamp of individuality and independence.

Books on philosophy have not yet been produced in any number in Australia. Indeed, till Professor Mitchell of Adelaide some months ago published a treatise on metaphysics, it may be doubted if there had been any at all; and as Mr. Mitchell's volume was issued in England and inspired by the author's Scottish training, it belongs rather to English than to Australian literature. A more popular work, addressed to the general reader, is "Kosmos; or, Philosophic Studies on Order and Correlations in Nature, Mind, Art, and Theism," by George Woolnough (Melbourne: George Robertson & Co.). He is a working journalist, who has been struck with the story of Laura Bridgman and has concluded that the order of her acquisitions was the natural order, which ought to be a model at once for the educator and the philosopher.

With Dr. Karl Schüddekopf as chief editor, a complete edition of the works of Clemens Brentano, including correspondence, will be published by Georg Müller, Munich. All those who have in their possession letters or manuscripts of Brentano are asked to turn them over for the time being to the editor in Weimar.

Prof. A. Bertholet of the University of Basel has issued (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr) a collection of data for the study of the origin and development of the leading religions of the Orient, called "Religionsgeschichtliches Lesebuch." His four coadjutors are Prof. William Grube of Berlin, religion of the ancient Chinese; Prof. Karl F. Geldner of Marburg, religion of the Vedas, Brahmanism, and the Zoroastrian religion of the Avesta; Prof. M. Winternitz of Prague, Buddhism; and Prof. A. Mez of Basel, the religion of Islam, as based on the Koran.

As Volume XXI. in the series known as Land und Leute, Monographien zur Erdkunde (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing), Prof. Hermann Guthe of the University of Leipzig, has just issued his "Palästina," with 142 illustrations and one chart (4 marks). The author was for many years the editor of the *Zeitschrift* of the German Palestine Society. The book deals with the soil and climate, fauna and flora, and the inhabitants, and brings from the Old Testament an abundance of illustrative matter. Toward the close of the book the author discusses the archæology of the Holy Land, both of the Biblical and the pre-Biblical periods.

Prof. Heinrich Weinel has written for the series known as Lebensfragen, of which he is general editor, a volume entitled "Ibsen, Björnson, Nietzsche" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr). The aim of the book is sufficiently indicated by the sub-title, "Individualismus und Christentum."

The lectures on ethics delivered in Tübingen by the late Prof. Johannes Gottschick have just been issued under the title "Ethik" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr).

The report of the Public Library of the District of Columbia for the year 1907 shows a stock of 92,937 volumes, a registry of 45,231 borrowers, a reading-room attendance of 133,059 persons, and a circulation of 481,463 volumes. Since the occupation of the new building in 1903 the growth in annual circulation has been from 214,261 to 481,463 volumes, or more than 125 per cent. More significant than this increase in volume has been the change in the character of the circulation: the percentage of fiction issued has decreased from 83.7 to 69, with a corresponding increase in the use of non-fiction. The methods that have brought about this change have been to bring before the readers, in as persuasive a way as possible, the better and more inviting kinds of non-fiction, thus to a degree counteracting in the public mind the impression produced by the advertisements of current fiction. Particularly effective in influencing the choice of readers has been the display in rotation of the various classes of books in the open-shelf room, or lobby. The percentage of loans in each class has been immediately affected by this display.

A Social Education Conference, in continuation of the work of the Social Education Congress of 1906, will be held in Boston on the evenings of March 6, 7, and 8. The subject will be "The Social Education of Girls and Women." The speakers

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will be Prof. Julius Sachs, Columbia University; Miss Julia Richman, district superintendent of schools, New York; the Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Katherine E. Conway, editor of *The Pilot*; Mrs. Florence Kelley, secretary of the National Consumers' League; Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman; Prof. Thomas N. Carver, Harvard; Mrs. Mary K. O'Sullivan, vice-president of the Women's Trade Union League; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; President Mary E. Woolley, Mount Holyoke College; Prof. E. Charlton Black, Boston University; and Mrs. May Alden Ward, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs.

The present state of the educational awakening in China is the subject of an informing letter in the London *Times*, February 6, from its Shanghai correspondent. Some interesting facts are given in relation to the new educational and general literature which is flooding the country. A large proportion of the educational works come from a native Commercial Press, a company with agencies all over the empire. Its text-books vary in price from five cents for "Elementary Ethics," to ten cents for "First Readers" and thirty-nine cents and upwards for handbooks on scientific subjects. Of one of the text-books 355,000 copies had been printed in 1906. Moreover, there is a growing demand for translations of novels and light literature, of which at present there are 220. The most popular of all European works of fiction now on the market is "La Dame aux Camélias." Others that sell freely are "Treasure Island," "Robinson Crusoe," Irving's "Sketch Book," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ivanhoe," Haggard's "Dawn," "The Talisman," "Les Misérables," "Manon Lescaut," "Arabian Nights," and "Sherlock Holmes." In reference to these novels the correspondent says that it "must be borne in mind that our romantic and sentimental treatment of the relations of the sexes is a thing so foreign to Oriental ethics that the hero of the ordinary European novel appears to the Chinese mind as a person of perverted moral sense and doubtful sanity. . . . A Chinese novelist would have solved the difficulties of David Copperfield, and avoided much unnecessary pathos, by making him woo and marry Dora and Agnes simultaneously." His concluding suggestion is:

> The provision of one hundred good books suitable for Chinese readers would be of the greatest help to the cause of civilization; the list should commence with translations of the best Greek and Roman classics and end with standard English tales of travel and exploration.

Edward Gaylord Bourne, professor of history in Yale University since 1895, died last Monday. He was born at Strykersville, N. Y., in 1860, and was graduated from Yale in 1883. From 1888 to 1895 he was a member of the faculty of Adelbert College; and he had served as chairman of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. He was the author of several books: "The History of the Surplus Revenue of 1837" (1885), "Essays in Historical Criticism" (1901), "Historical Introduction to the Philippine Islands" (1903), "Spain in America" (1904); and "Life of J. L. Motley" (1905). Besides this original work, he was a busy editor, his name standing on Wolley's "A Two Years' Journal in New York" (1902), Fournier's "Napoleon I." (1903), Rocher's "Spanish Colonial System" (1904), "The Chase Papers" (1903), "The Narrative of De Soto" (1904), and "The Voyages of Champlain" (1905). He was one of the editors of the *Yale Review* and a valued contributor to the *Nation*.

The Right Rev. Henry Yates Satterlee, for the last twelve years Protestant Episcopal bishop of Washington, died at Washington February 22. He was born in New York in 1843 and educated at Columbia and the General Theological Seminary. He was author of "Christ and His Church," "Life Lessons from the Prayer Book," "A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed," "New Testament Churchmanship," "The Building of a Cathedral," and "The Calling of a Christian."

George Helm Yeaman, a lawyer of this city, died November 23. He had been a member of Congress, minister to Denmark, and lecturer on constitutional law at the Columbia Law School. He was author of "The Study of Government," of pamphlets on political and financial questions, and of the article "Legal Aspects of Insanity" in the American supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Dr. Adolf Hansen, lecturer in English at Copenhagen University, has died in his fifty-eighth year. He was known for his history of English literature and for his translations of "Childe Harold" and Shakespeare's Sonnets.

## STUDIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

*The American Revolution.* Part III. Saratoga and Brandywine. Valley Forge. England and France at War. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

The period covered by this volume gives the author every opportunity to display his best qualities as an historian. A careful investigator, he has a keen eye for the picturesque, even resorting to legends of doubtful origin where they may serve his purpose. After stating his facts, he has no hesitation in expressing a definite opinion, which carries conviction to the reader more by reason of its obvious honesty than because it is the final word to be said. His point of view is so catholic, his reading so wide, and his likes and dislikes so positive that he confers upon the story a semblance of novelty, due to his own personal qualities as a writer. Moreover, it is a pleasure to observe his sympathy for the best in the American cause; for he is a democrat in spirit, and feels the popular movement, of which the Revolution was but one symptom. Yet he is strongly British when discussing European affairs, looking upon the declaration of war by France against England as an instance of bad faith; involving an unnecessary and objectless struggle, and driving France to ruinous measures. Peace would have made France the great Power on the Continent; war hastened the destruction of what was regarded as a cause of her greatness. And, finally, he shows clearly in these pages the depth to which England sank in political morality through her contest with America —an eloquent arraignment of a spoils system.

The narrative of military events is skilfully told, and it would be difficult to point out any omission of essential fact. The invasion from Canada under Burgoyne and the taking of Philadelphia by Howe are the two leading events, but a number of connected manœuvres and engagements occurred which lend themselves to the graphic methods of the author. His criticisms of the British generals are severe, but are tempered by praise for military qualities which could not be advantageously used in existing circumstances. Unsupported by Howe, Burgoyne's expedition was doomed to fail, but the real fault lay with Germaine, whose incompetency was not in need of such advertisement. Howe's course was quite as extraordinary as Germaine's; for his futile march into New Jersey was followed by a long journey by sea to take Philadelphia, a journey as wasteful of valuable time as of money and lives. Without orders from London to aid Burgoyne, he was free to pursue his own policy; but the occupation of Philadelphia was unnecessary, costly, and in the end did much to increase, even among loyalists, the bitter feeling against the English and their hired auxiliaries. The Peace Commission came at an unpropitious time and in an unfortunate manner. During six months the "question whether Great Britain could conciliate, pacify, and permanently and smoothly govern America, was tried out in a limited and securely protected locality, under every condition which could be expected to ensure success." It failed completely. The absence of either civil or military success, and the certainty of war with France, seemed to bring the fortunes of Great Britain to their lowest point. The energies of her rulers were devoted to unworthy and unprofitable objects, and the personal government of the King excluded from office the men best fitted to maintain the better qualities of British policy. A civil war had degenerated into a war of conquest, and the national reputation for prudence and shrewdness was grievously impaired in the eyes of Europe.

The American generals receive praise fairly given. Washington was a king by nature, always a fighting general, and the man who was the very centre of the Revolution. Yet his master strokes of victory were few, and his strategy was imperfect:

> Any painstaking military student, without being a Clausewitz or a Jomini, can see that Washington made mistakes and missed chances; but the final result of his exertions was the total discomfiture of his adversary.

Ultimate success came from his skill and foresight, and still more from his elevation of character. Gates receives no mercy. He is a "lobbyist," a miserable self-seeker, a sorry tactician, whose one victory is due, not to himself, but to Arnold. He had no public spirit and no personal gratitude, being hopelessly incapable as a leader in battle, and even a coward. Greene and Wayne are ranked high, but a protest is made against calling the affair at Paoli a "massacre," which it was not. To Schuyler is given unstinted praise, and nothing could be more skilful than the comparisons made betwen Schuyler and Gates, Conway and Lafayette, Wilkinson and Hamilton.

As to the course of Congress on the convention of Saratoga, it placed the young republic "below the moral level of civil-

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ized and self-respecting nations," and remains a blot on the lustre of the American Revolution. To arrive at an entirely just opinion on that subject is difficult, for the original convention was a blunder perpetrated by Gates, and much confused by subsequent disputes, grievances, and charges of bad faith on both sides, which induced Congress practically to set it aside.

Of Congress in those years the author says little good. The industry and devotedness of some of the members could not compensate for serious errors committed in internal and foreign policy. The commissariat system broke down at a critical time, the finances were mismanaged, offensive operations were demanded when the army was a mere shadow, and a cabal against Washington was fostered when his services were all essential. The question might be raised whether the author is not too severe on that body, made up of men whom he calls politicians and pettifoggers. All executive functions were nominally concentrated in Congress, which at the same time had no adequate machinery for carrying its resolutions into effect. It was certainly never a "handful of untrained and for the most part insignificant personages," for some of the best constructive measures were framed at a time when the representation appeared weakest. The resolves on accounts of April, 1777, which are condemned as destructive of efficiency and discipline, were called for by the prevalence of practices which made honesty out of the question. The criticisms passed upon Washington were in part grounded on a fear that the continent would be left without a leader should he be removed by one of the many chances of war. For the bad use made of this feeling by some self-seekers Congress was not responsible, and the general support given to Washington was proof of loyalty to his policies. The many unfortunate errors committed in appointing unfit diplomatic agents were largely compensated for by the recognition of Franklin. In this formative period, when there was no true confederation, and consequently no real power in Congress, many of its acts are open to criticism; but the progress towards better conditions was steady and fruitful. Better the honest errors of Adams, the Lees, and even Rush, than the acts of a Weymouth, a Sandwich, or a Germaine.

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*The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba.* By Herbert H. Sargent. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $5 net.

The announcement that Capt. Herbert H. Sargent of the Second Cavalry had undertaken a history of the Spanish-American war inspired hopes that the result would be an authoritative work; for his excellent studies, "Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign" and "The Campaign of Marengo," now in their fourth and third editions respectively, gave great promise. These hopes, however, are not realized by the three volumes before us. Painstaking they are, and full of valuable citations from Spanish, German, and American sources; yet the judicial spirit of the historian is lacking. Thus, in his survey of the causes leading up to the struggle, he boldly assumes not only that the blowing up of the Maine necessitated the war, but that "the American people and their representatives in Congress believed that Spanish officials were responsible for the destruction of the Maine, and they were determined that Spain should atone for the act and that her rule in Cuba should end." Even those who think our war in Cuba a holy crusade should protest against this attributing to the bulk of the people of that moblike thirst for blood, that low spirit of revenge, which was actually confined to a few yellow journals and hysterical persons. In this connection also Capt. Sargent fails to relate the efforts made for peace or to record the shameful suppression by President McKinley of that dispatch from the Spanish government, received on the eve of war, which granted every demand made upon Spain up to that time.

In treating the details of the battle before Santiago, Capt. Sargent holds that the raising of the American balloon and moving it along the road which the American troops were following to San Juan was a costly blunder. In support of this view, he cites the opinion of that eminent military critic, Richard Harding Davis, and of the chief of the Signal Corps, Gen. A. W. Greely. To be just to Lieut.-Col. Derby, the able engineer and officer responsible for the raising of the balloon, a really scientific historian would at least have presented his side. About Gen. Shafter, Capt. Sargent writes rather enthusiastically. He admits, however, that Shafter violated a fundamental principle of strategy in detaching Lawton's division to take El Caney, because Lawton and Chaffee assured him it would need only a couple of hours to reduce that place; whereas every consideration dictated the keeping intact of Shafter's main force, and the leaving of only a regiment and a battery or two to contain El Caney. Capt. Sargent grants, also, that several tactical blunders were made in the face of the enemy. None the less, he describes Gen. Shafter (about whom he writes in the present tense, although the general died in November, 1906), as having "indomitable, rugged energy," being a "blunt, brave soldier," a "fighter," "firm, untiring, decided," and "successful because he had a clear comprehension of the principles of war." But even this—enough to make one sit up and rub one's eyes—is as nothing to the characterization of Secretary Alger as "efficient," and of Gen. Henry C. Corbin as the "greatest executive staff officer this country has ever known."

These individual judgments are enough to discredit the book as that of a judicial military student; and the deeper one goes into the work, the more evident it is that the volume is more than anything else a tract for a large and costly standing army and a navy second only to that of Great Britain. Nevertheless, many of Capt. Sargent's professional comments, which follow each chapter, are admirable, as, for instance, his pointing out the mistakes of the Spanish commanders in their efforts to end the Cuban revolution from 1896 on. But when we find no comment whatever on Gen. Shafter's famous and inexcusable dispatch of July 3: "I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles," our faith in Capt. Sargent's desire to write in a really non-partisan spirit is much shaken. Again, his "General Comments" in volume three, range far afield, including a discussion of the Boer war and of Great Britain's imperial destiny. In conclusion, while the book must long remain a handy volume for reference, because of the many facts and figures it gives, it leaves the field still open to the historian who wishes to tell without fear or favor the true story of our ever-regrettable West Indian war.

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## CURRENT FICTION.

*Dr. Ellen.* By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Dr. Ellen was blonde, and yet looked well in khaki; her "nose and chin were roughly modelled, but the mouth had been exquisitely and delicately finished." In action she suggested the figurehead of a Viking ship, and when we read that Amsden "never saw this woman without an overwhelming desire to match his strength against hers," we settle back comfortably to unwind the tangled skein of their romance at leisure, secure in the confidence that the romance is indeed to be theirs. To be sure, the fatal charm of Amsden's cameo profile is too strong for the susceptible heart of Ruth, Dr. Ellen's sister, who proves the truth of her claim to possession of all the "comfortable little feminine vices" by making herself intensely disagreeable to her high-minded relative; but Amsden, though tempted for a moment by her beauty and simplicity, gently informs her—through an intermediary—that he will be a brother to her, if he can compass it, and all ends as it should.

Dr. Ellen's struggle against an unscrupulous quack for the confidence of her mountain patients, and her ultimate triumph, furnish the bulk of the incident—a sombre groundwork, which Willie Wallace enlivens with beams of such amiable inanity that we rather resent his final casting into the arms of the objectionable Christine, to furnish a jingling obligato for the solemn wedding bells of the hero and heroine.

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*Deborah of Tod's.* By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is an earlier story by the now popular author of "Peter's Mother" and "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square." It is much the same sort of wholesome and good-tempered romance, just the thing for the large class of readers always on the lookout for fiction that is neither dull nor distressing. Mrs. de la Pasture's stories move along the pleasant lines of the fiction of Miss Braddon and William Black. Her heroines are nice English girls in reduced social or pecuniary circumstance destined in the fulness of time to marry the amiable lord or baronet who may early be descried cruising matrimonially in the offing.

Deborah of Tod's is to our mind a more interesting figure than her successors. Tod's is a thrifty farm in Devon which has belonged for generations to Deborah's maternal ancestors. The mother has made a runaway match with a brilliant but irresponsible English subaltern of gentle birth. Upon the early death of her parents, the child has returned to the farm, and grown up under the care of an aunt, the incumbent of Tod's. Deborah has inherited the thrift and industry of her humbler fore-

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bears, and after the aunt's death, when she becomes owner of Tod's, she continues to live there, busy and contented as mistress and manager of the estate. To her, in her twenty-sixth year, comes by chance a retired officer, Gen. Sir Arthur d'Alton, who was formerly in command of her father's regiment. He is, in point of fact, an ancient dandy and rake, but in his rôle of the father's commanding officer, and, as she discovers, benefactor, he becomes glorified in her eyes. She takes his philandering seriously, and regards herself as betrothed to him by the token of a random caress. His discovery that she is a considerable heiress reconciles the impoverished old gallant to this silly error, and he marries her. Her eyes are quickly opened to his character and to the hollowness and corruption of the fashionable city life with which she is obliged to come in contact, but she devotes herself to the care of his decrepit person and disordered household till his death leaves her free to go back to her asylum of Tod's. She does not, however, find peace there, for the amiable lord in question has long since cruised in out of the offing and come to fairly close quarters. He presently runs alongside and everybody is happy.

In stories like this, with their naïve waiver of those psychological and pathological problems which encumber our fiction, there is much to content and soothe, if not profoundly edify, the old-fashioned reader who resents, now and then, the increasing claims of the story-teller to be guide and philosopher as well as friend.

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*The Forest Playfellow.* By E. K. Sanders. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The theme of a lonely child and a ghostly playmate has been worn wellnigh threadbare by much handling, but the author of "The Forest Playfellow" brings to the task a tenderness and simplicity that set the story beyond the charge of triteness. The little volume is as unpretentious in its style as in its binding; nothing about it suggests a bid for loud and ephemeral popularity; but one may venture the hope that after sixty times Six Best Sellers have shouted themselves into second-hand bookshops, "The Forest Playfellow" will still stand on many a Beloved Shelf, shabby with much cherishing by old and young who have felt themselves lonely children.

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*By Veldt and Kopje.* By William Charles Scully. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

It cannot be said on the basis of these sketches that Mr. Scully is entitled to place in the first rank of British Colonial chroniclers. Material is apparently as abundant in South Africa as in India or Canada or Australia, but as yet no Kipling or Parker or Lancaster has given it saliency. "The Story of an African Farm," written long before the Boer War, has hardly been supplanted by later interpretations of life in South Africa. Most of Mr. Scully's stories have found acceptance in magazines and newspapers, and they are more than ordinarily acceptable as such material goes. They are remarkable in not dealing with the triumphant Briton in exile who is commonly celebrated by the Imperialist chronicler. Mr. Scully is interested in the Boer, the Kaffir, and the European who finds himself in natural human contact with them. The matter of political or racial supremacy does not excite him. One of his heroes is a filthy and barbarous Hottentot, who delights in torturing birds and small animals, yet gives his life for a little English boy, whom he adores. Another is a young Kaffir chief, who prefers a noble death to an ignoble one; another is an old blind Boer, who has attained the serenest philosophy by way of a soul-shaking experience. Least successful are two or three tales about imported Britons, in which the author's attempt at humor results in mere facetiousness. About the workmanship of most of these stories, indeed, there is a sort of crudity, a smug amateurishness, which marks them as really provincial. What atones for this defect of mode, and makes them on the whole worth perusal, is the evident sincerity and sympathy of the mood in which this writer approaches his interpretations of the native life as he has seen it.

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*Adam's Clay.* By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: Brentano's.

This is a book which presents a not ungrateful challenge to the critic whose lot it is to deal with the "ordinary run" of English and American fiction. It is, at all events, not dull. Perhaps one may best suggest its quality by naming it a story not for the young person: it has precisely that Gallic attribute of ineligibility. By this we do not mean the absolute worst; it is not a sheer deliberate salacity, framed for the indecent amusement of those who leer and giggle. Indeed, nothing actionable really happens; it is only that the mind and heart of a brutal coquette are stripped naked, and that the author appears, according to the French mode, to be quite as much entertained as shocked by the spectacle. If the story is not dull, it cannot be dismissed as flippant. With all his air of satirical rogue about town, his insouciance in showing up the good fellow and the pretty woman who know how to play the brute under the cloak of good manners, Mr. Hamilton has more insight and body of doctrine than the ordinary heavy-handed moralist in fiction. He is obviously under no stress of determination to be portentous or searching. His story tells itself with a swiftness, spontaneity, and neatness which are so familiar in the fiction of the Latins, and, alas, so rare in our own.

The principal persons are a young farmer, an English naval officer and his wife. The woman, a pretty, discontented, middle-class provincial, has married the officer for the sake of freedom, knowing that after the honeymoon his duty would entail a three years' absence. Lovely and innocent in appearance, she is a vampire, whose single delight is to prey upon the passions of men. For three years she amuses herself to the top of her bent, when the impending return of her husband makes it necessary for her to disentangle herself from a particularly loathsome (though legally blameless) intimacy. She retires to a little village to await her spouse, and enlivens her tedium by enslaving the young farmer. Her progress with him and her general philosophy of life are recorded in a series of letters written to a friend in London, who is (and whom, delightful thought! she knows to be) a former mistress of the husband. He gets hold of these letters, and learns her real character. She is cast off both by him and her young lover, and calmly puts herself under the protection of the man whose morbidity had interested her. For its directness, simplicity, and ruthlessness, this study of the social wanton is remarkable. Juvenal's evil women were not stripped more bare. A healthy taste will add that, without something more of Juvenal's *sæva indignatio* than Mr. Hamilton exhibits, fiction is scarcely justified in dealing with such a theme.

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*The Literature of Roguery.* By Frank Wadleigh Chandler. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.

If the reader is induced to undertake these volumes of Professor Chandler's (in the series of Types of English Literature, edited by Prof. W. A. Neilson), in the hope of arriving at a clear definition or tracing the development of a distinct literary *genre* or "type," he is doomed to disappointment. Professor Chandler is indiscriminate in the treatment of his subject. He includes much material which has little or nothing to do with literature and is of interest only to the antiquary or the sociologist—jest books, for instance, and prison tracts and "repentances," or actual reports and studies of vagabondage or the like, composed with a statistical or scientific purpose. At the same time he seems to feel sufficiently justified in enclosing in his *cadres* any book whatever, if it happens to contain a rogue of any sort, no matter what its general character. So Shakespeare's "Henry IV." and Scott's "Ivanhoe" find themselves in the same category with "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," and "Tom Jones" as kindred of "Don Guzman de Alfarache." For the inclusion of such a story as "Vanity Fair" there may be more excuse. But it is obvious that the same principle would involve almost every modern novel or drama, and that there is a wide, an impassable gulf between even "Vanity Fair" and anything than can properly be spoken of as picaresque.

The fact is that Professor Chandler seems to have formed no very clear idea of the limits and *differentia* of his subject. To be sure, he points out that all this literature is marked as a whole by the presence of an "anti-hero," who is characteristically more rogue than villain. In the picaresque novel proper, which he carefully distinguishes from its derivatives, this anti-hero is the servant of several or many masters, the satire of whose vices or failings constitutes one of the principal motives of the story. In the later literature of roguery certain of these traits may persist—of them all, perhaps the vagrancy of the main character, as in "Tom Jones," has been the most obstinate and has done most to hinder the growth of the regular novel. In general, however, Professor Chandler insists that "rogue fiction . . . for the past hundred years has lived more or less apart from its origins." But unfortunately he fails to determine what are its constant and invariable notes, or ear-marks. Theoretically, indeed, it would seem clear that in a literature of roguery properly so-called, the rogue, or anti-hero, whose pre-

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dominance distinguishes the type from every species of tragedy, must be treated with some degree of indulgence, if not with actual sympathy, under penalty of confusion with comedy; while in mitigation of the protagonist's rascality, society will come in for sufficient satire to keep the mood of the story distinct from that of romance. Such would seem to be the necessary requirements of anything like a *genre tranché*, a pure type; and some such characteristics would seem to have haunted the writer's mind in spite of the bewildering latitude with which he has gathered into his catalogue almost every variety of novel.

Nor is the evolution, the internal growth of the type, if there really be any such type, made much clearer. At most it is possible to name, after Prof. Chandler, certain popular elements which have contributed in one way or another to the final result. And in this case the mania for reducing everything to a popular origin seems more justifiable than usual. At all events, there can be no doubt that the popular mind has always been interested in the rascal and has always been confirmed in this taste by the "literature" which it most affects—to-day, the sensational papers, in the past the jest-books, popular tales, satires, and "characters." So established, the theme appears to have received two important developments—one by the criminal biography; the other by the "anatomies of roguery," including beggar books, cony-catching pamphlets, prison tracts, down to the modern sociological study. Exactly how these things ever grew into such literature as Borrow's "Lavengro" or what was the manner and mode of their influence we are not informed. When the author remarks that the link between such matters and the novel was supplied by Addison, he seems to think that he has done enough by way of explanation in adding that Addison borrowed from this literature of roguery. In this point, as in others, Prof Chandler, like so many scholars, is exceedingly keen in the hunt of origins without conceiving any intelligible relation between seed and fruit. For that reason his discussion is almost exclusively a *catalogue raisonné*, a list of all the rogues in English, with the titles of the documents and other "literature" in which they figure and a brief summary of their story. There is no criticism; no sense for the peculiar problems, ethical or other, suggested by the subject, such as the effect of romanticism upon the revival of interest in the picaresque; very little even of that research of literary comparisons so popular just now.

In short, the book is one big bibliography; and as such it is not without its value. To find an equal amount of material, arranged topically and chronologically in such a manner as to be easy of reference, would be impossible elsewhere. There are, of course, omissions; if Wilkie Collins is to be included at all, it is too bad to slight so accomplished a swindler as Capt. Wragge, in "No Name." While, on the other hand, it may seem as though a good deal of the lighter current fiction that is analyzed were hardly deserving of such serious attention. At the same time, it is only fair to remember that the first step toward the mastery of a new subject consists in a knowledge of just such facts as Prof. Chandler has accumulated; even though it must be added in the next breath that their selection and classification is no less important than their collection.

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*Father and Son:* Biographical Recollections. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The name of the author is not given, but it is an open secret that he is Edmund Gosse. He offers the book chiefly "as a *document*, as a record of educational and religious conditions which, having passed away, will never return"; but also as "a study of the development of moral and intellectual ideas during the progress of infancy." The story is, in brief, "of a struggle between two temperaments, two consciences, and almost two epochs." The father and mother were orthodox, pious, rigid, extreme, members of that small sect known as Plymouth Brethren. They endeavored to keep their son in the same straight and narrow path. But since he was of a different type and belonged to a different generation, he was accessible to those ideas which have eaten like an acid into the old formulas of orthodoxy. Within fifty years the change in the point of view of Christians has been greater than in the preceding five centuries. This mighty unsettling has been accompanied by a bitter struggle between the adherents of the new doctrines and the old; and it is this vast conflict rendered concrete, personified in two admirably portrayed characters, that makes this book more interesting, as a mere narrative, than nine-tenths of the current novels.

The father and mother "dedicated" their son to the Lord when he was a babe of six weeks; and thenceforward they spared no effort to make his calling and election sure. The father was a naturalist who had travelled widely in pursuit of his profession, and who had won such repute as a careful investigator that Huxley referred to him as an "honest hodman of science"; but he parted company with Darwin and the progressives, and clung doggedly to a literal interpretation of the account of creation given in Genesis. He even wrote a book, the theory of which "was defined by a hasty press as being this—that God hid the fossils in the rocks in order to tempt geologists into infidelity." The mother was also a writer, but of religious verse and tracts. The course of training through which these excellent people put their son seems almost incredible to-day. Fiction was strictly banished from the house; and the boy's reading was chiefly the Bible and works of devotion. The parents found pleasure "nowhere but in the Word of God, and to the endless discussion of the Scriptures each hurried when the day's work was over." They seemed never to understand why the little boy should not be equally absorbed in the Bible.

Many of the reminiscences of this singular childhood are very amusing—but under the surface humor runs the pathos of a young life cabined, cribbed, confined, and of the prayers and efforts of the parents tragically misdirected. Here is one typical story:

My Father . . . assured me that God would be very angry, and would signify His anger, if any one, in a Christian country, bowed down to wood and stone. . . . I determined, however, to test the matter for myself, and one morning, when both my parents were safely out of the house, I prepared for the great act of heresy. I was in the morning-room on the ground-floor, where, with much labor, I hoisted a small chair on to the table close to the window. My heart was now beating as if it would leap out of my side, but I pursued my experiment. I knelt down on the carpet in front of the table, and looking up said my daily prayer in a loud voice, only substituting the address, "O Chair!" for the habitual one.

Having carried this act of idolatry safely through, I waited to see what would happen. It was a fine day, and I gazed up at the slit of white sky above the houses opposite, and expected something to appear in it. God would certainly exhibit His anger in some terrible form, and would chastise my impious and wilful action. I was very much alarmed, but still more excited; I breathed the high, sharp air of defiance. But nothing happened; there was not a cloud in the sky, not an unusual sound in the street. Presently I was quite sure that nothing would happen. I had committed idolatry, flagrantly and deliberately, and God did not care.

And so the story moves on through delicious glimpses of the Punch and Judy show, through the eating of a Christmas pudding (Christmas was a wicked relic of Popery), through the boy's immersion and admission at the age of ten, "another infant Samuel," to the society of the Brethren. He talked so glibly that his elders and betters were "deeply cheered, and led far along their own heavenly path by hearing such accents fall from the lips of a babe and a suckling." But, in spite of this consecration, the temptations of the world were very alluring. With the other boys of the neighborhood, he was invited to a little party. His father said they must pray together, and ask God for guidance. The prayer ended:

My Father, perfectly confident in the success of what had really been a sort of incantation, asked me in a loud, wheedling voice, "Well, and what is the answer which our Lord vouchsafes?" I said nothing, and so my father, more sharply, continued, "We have asked Him to direct you to a true knowledge of His will. We have desired Him to let you know whether it is, or is not, in accordance with His wishes that you accept this invitation from the Browns." He positively beamed down at me; he had no doubt of the reply. He was already, I believe, planning some little treat to make up to me for the material deprivation. But my answer came in the high, piping accents of despair: "The Lord says I may go to the Browns." My father gazed at me in speechless horror. He was caught in his own trap, and, though he was certain that the Lord had said nothing of the kind, there was no road open for him but just sheer retreat.

And so the rift between father and son gradually widened. When the lad went out to walk with a friend, the father would suggest some passage of scripture, "some aspect of God's bountiful scheme in creation, on which you may profitably meditate together"; but the boys were interested in other things. The final rupture came when the youth of eighteen went to London to live. He then preferred Keats, Shelley, Byron, and Scott to Dean Alford's New Testament in Greek, and Wood's "Continuity of Scripture." He would, or could, no longer tell his father that he was "walking closely with God," and that his "sense of the efficacy of the Atonement was clear and sound." Thereupon the father wrote, upbraiding him for "this dreadful conduct," wrote, not in anger, but in pain.

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This is, with variations large and small, the history of many fathers and many sons. To readers of middle age it must recall vividly the trials of adolescence, and the faithful and sincere, but none the less futile, endeavor to put the old wine into the new bottles. There must, however, be few instances in which the strain has been so great as Mr. Gosse describes it; for most fathers are ready to allow for the different point of view, and trust the son, whose errors are intellectual rather than moral, to the uncovenanted mercies of God.

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*The Heart of Gambetta.* By Francis Laur; authorized translation by Violette M. Montagu. New York: John Lane Co.

The heart of this book is the love-letters of Gambetta written to Madame Léonie Léon. Around them are grouped a certain amount of history, a larger amount of inference or conjecture, and a still larger amount of tearful sentiment by M. Laur. He is doubtless the stanchest of friends, and the most devoted worshipper of the memory, whether of Gambetta or of the woman that the great French orator loved; but as an historian, he inclines one to grieve—or laugh. The famous secret interview between Gambetta and Bismarck, which M. Laur had built up out of a few hints and guesses, was so mauled by Lucien Wolf and others that the author of the invention has apparently withdrawn it; at least, it is not included in this volume. But M. Laur's method is throughout too gushing to pass for that of sober history. He reminds one of a lachrymose Victor Hugo: "I wept. All France wept." The style is staccato drowned in emotion, and grows very wearisome.

The secret of Gambetta's romance with Léonie was well kept. But few of his friends had the least inkling of it. The different accounts of its rise and strengthening all agree that her fascination over him was great and persistent. These letters now come to prove it. They are impassioned, clinging, adoring, grateful—a nature which pulsed with life, pouring itself out day after day to a woman. There can be no doubt of the sincerity or depth of Gambetta's attachment to Léonie. But M. Laur pushes her ascendency over Gambetta to surprising lengths. She corrected his manners; she inspired his policies; she moulded his career. One hesitates about accepting all this. It rests on little but Gambetta's own glowing words: "My Léonie was the soul of those efforts." To draw from such phrases M. Laur's conclusions is to make an affidavit out of a love-letter. A man is not on oath in writing to his mistress, any more than in composing a lapidary inscription. A great passion absorbing a generous man naturally leads him to attribute all efficacy to the object of it. Examples of it crowd biographies. Think of Comte and his Clotilde, to take a French instance. One craves the letters of Héloise as well as of Abelard; but only a few of Léonie's are given, and these answer back feebly to the call of Gambetta's deep. There is no such proof, then, as in the Browning letters, of the marriage of true minds able each to sustain and satisfy the other's love. But bearing in mind the one-sidedness of the relation as here revealed, and disregarding most of M. Laur's sentimental embroidering, these letters of Gambetta must be taken as a real contribution to our knowledge of the man.

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*Newfoundland and Its Untrodden Way.* By John Guille Millais. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The author of this book, son of the artist, is himself an artist as well as writer, naturalist, and sportsman. He has written a life of his father, Sir John Everett Millais, and has also embodied the result of years of labor in "The Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland." In his modest preface to the present work he says that this is "a hunter's book"; but the reader who expects the usual dull tale of slaughtered animals, will be agreeably disappointed. Stories of the chase are here in plenty, but there is far more. It is in the first place an exhaustive description of an interesting animal, the caribou, illustrated at every point. Moreover, the volume is redolent of the forest and the stream, and the wild life of the woods. The style is pleasant and easy. The characters who move across his stage are all alive and vivid: the Newfoundland guides, Bob Saunders and Jack Wells, the Mic Mac Indian Joe Jeddore, and Mike, the ten-year-old station master and telegrapher. The numerous pictures are admirable.

Though the book is largely concerned with the Newfoundland caribou, it contains much interesting information about Newfoundland and its inhabitants, including the Indians. To the average Englishman or American the island is inseparably connected with fogs, dogs, and bogs, just as Africa is "a mass of lions mixed with sand." But as described by Millais, Newfoundland is a most attractive place, with its thousands of lakes and pools, picturesque streams teeming with salmon, trout, and onananiche, great open moors, and marshes dotted with the ever restless herds of caribou. For its size Newfoudnland today holds more of these animals than any other part of the world. It contains dense forests of varied and beautiful trees. Its wild seacoast is inhabited by thousands of sea birds. All these things contribute to make the island one of the most delightful of wild countries to the sportsman and the lover of nature.

Here in these forests and barrens, with their natural sanctuaries, the caribou are holding their own—one of the few instances where the purely wild game of Europe and America are not decreasing.

The reason why the great herds of caribou still remain in thousands undiminished is not far to seek. The island, larger than Ireland, is one vast deer park, wholly uninhabited. Indeed, Millais was the first to survey and make a map of a portion of the interior.

To many readers one of the most important chapters will be the description of the Mic Mac Indians. While Millais is lavish of praise for his Newfoundland guides, extols their cheerfulness, and their endurance, he gives the palm to the Indians for their skill as canoe men and as pilots in the wilderness. Consumption and the trader's rum are playing havoc with this fine race. In one drunken spree they often waste the earnings of months of toil. The law forbids the sale of liquor to Indians, but in the far-off outposts the law is a dead letter.

One of Millais's objects in coming to Newfoundland on his fourth trip was to study whales for the third volume of his "Mammals." His great desire was to get a picture of the greatest monster of the deep, the blue whale, and nothing in the book is finer than the story of the capture of this leviathan:

It was a moment of intense excitement when the two finbacks rose right in front of the bows and within easy shot, but the captain and I were gazing fixedly into the green and clear depths looking for the blue whale, when far away down beneath the water I saw a great copper gray form rising rapidly right underneath the ship. The captain signalled with his hand to the man at the wheel on the bridge, turning the vessel off a point just as the ghostly form of the whale growing larger and larger every moment until it seemed as big as the ship, burst on the surface beside us and broke the water within ten yards. In a moment we were drenched in blinding spray as the whale spouted in our faces. I turned my arm to protect my camera and to click the shutter as the captain fired the harpoon gun. The latter planted the harpoon fairly in the great creature's lungs. After 500 yards had run out, a great commotion was seen in the sea, the next instant the whale appeared rolling and fighting on the surface. It lashed the sea into white spume with its flippers, and frequently raised its head right out of water, opening its immense jaws. Its struggles only lasted about two minutes.

The Norwegian of to-day, fine sailor and whaler, is the direct descendant of the bold Northmen who discovered America five centuries before Columbus, who conquered Normandy and ruled England. In like manner the Newfoundlanders, whose fathers came from the west of England, companions of Drake and Raleigh, are to-day the men selected by Peary for his Arctic expedition—the only race of daring seamen who can hunt the hair seal on the ice floes. One other feature of the islanders' character is their handiness. They build their own boats and houses, tan their own leather, and make their own shoes. This peculiar gift of handicraft is inherited. All the first Newfoundland settlers were winter crews of skilled mechanics—carpenters, sawyers, blacksmiths, etc.—left behind to prepare the work for the fishery.

To all who wish to know about Newfoundland and her attractions for the tourist, the man of business, or the sportsman, we can strongly recommend Millais's book. It is the best work that has ever been written on the natural history of the island.

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*A Year in Russia.* By Maurice Baring. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

*The Red Reign:* The True Story of an Adventurous Year in Russia. By Kellogg Durland. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

As the number of books on contemporary Russia continues to grow—and there is already a respectable literature dealing with Russian history since 1904—it becomes possible to divide them into two distinct classes. There is the volume which deals with those dramatic features of a revolution which naturally come close to the heart of the journalist, and there is the volume which treats of those causes and presuppositions of historic events which appeal primarily to the student. The second class

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is by far the smaller, and it is not increased by the two works under consideration. Mr. Baring's year in Russia covered the eventful period between August, 1905, and August, 1906, but the book pretends to be nothing more than a jotting down in diary form of hearsay, impression, and casual observation, and as such can possess little permanent value, especially in the presence of more elaborate and systematic presentations of the same subject.

Mr. Durland's account of his adventures within the Czar's empire in 1906-7 is a far more commendable piece of work. In fact, within its own class, it is probably the best book on present-day Russia that has so far been written, for completeness, clearness, and picturesqueness of treatment. In differentiating it from the kind of book that would appeal to the serious student of Russian history, we do not mean to imply that Mr. Durland's story is merely one of battle, murder, and sudden death. Non-spectacular political and social questions are far from being neglected, and a satisfactory picture of Russia's moral state is also presented. At the same time, the point of view is intensely and avowedly anti-governmental, and no attempt is made to study the present situation in the light of Russia's history and institutions after the fashion of, for instance, Bernard Pares's "Russia and Reform" (see *Nation* of October 10, 1907, p. 332). The author's intimate relations with the most active of the revolutionaries has, however, enabled him to seize what may be called the soul of revolutionary Russia, with convincing appreciation. His account of the events that preceded the Kronstadt mutiny of the summer of 1906 makes the best reading in the volume, because of its insight into the blending of the spirit of martyrdom, of youthful recklessness, and naïve delight in conspiracy which is the motive power behind a large section of the Russian "Intelligence."

The Caucasus, the Baltic provinces, the revolutionary south, the pogrom centres, the capitals, the peasants, the city workmen, and the Duma, all receive more or less adequate mention.

## Science.

Henry Frowde has ready for publication the Fitz-Patrick Lectures, delivered by Dr. Norman Moore before the Royal College of Physicians of London. They will appear as "The History of the Study of Medicine in the British Isles."

"The Book of Water-Gardening," by Peter Bisset (New York: A. T. De La Mare Co.), places within reach of amateurs the information necessary to establish and conduct successfully small and inexpensive water-gardens; and it gives directions also for the cultivation of aquatic plants upon the large scale demanded by parks and estates. The general features of preliminary engineering are presented with care, and the various accessories, such as windbreaks, etc., are treated sufficiently. By taking advantage of excellent photographic methods of engraving, the author has made his work most attractive throughout. The value of a book of instruction and reference like this is much enhanced by a full index, and perhaps one may be given in a second edition. Such an index would, no doubt, enable one to find what has been looked for in vain in the text—some reference to the intimate relations of the mosquito to water-gardening. The mosquito tones down the enthusiasm of many cultivators of aquatics, and a hint or two as to the proper management of the insect in places where it is impracticable to keep fish to consume the larvæ would be welcome. We suggest that the brief allusion to this serious drawback, on page 24, be somewhat expanded. Even the most cursory glance at the pictures will show how wide is the range of taste displayed by water-gardeners in this country. Most, though not all, of the plates indicate sound judgment and appreciation of beautiful effects.

In Part I. of Volume II. of "Trees and Shrubs; Illustrations of New or Little-Known Ligneous Plants," prepared chiefly from material at the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, and edited by Charles Sprague Sargent, director of the Arboretum (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), twenty-five species are described and illustrated. To those who know the excellent quality of Professor Sargent's "Silva of North America," and who have followed his later contributions, no commendation of the present treatise is necessary. In all respects the continuation of his great work is on the high level of what has gone before. Charles Faxon's delineations are perfect as to detail, and as to stereoscopic effect, and indicate the power of a line drawn by one who knows exactly what he sees. It is difficult to be reconciled to the loss of *Garden and Forest*, in which Professor Sargent and Mr. Faxon were making frequent and more easily accessible contributions to the knowledge of our ligneous plants. Certainly the numerous garden magazines, illustrated copiously by photographic processes and filled with descriptions which seek to avoid all savor of technical language, do not fill the place occupied by the vanished journal. *Garden and Forest* was educative from the first, and of immense importance in guiding taste. Fortunately the energy which gave to that journal its distinctive character is in its new channels doing high service to science.

A new astronomical journal, *Gazette Astronomique*, has been established at Antwerp. It will contain some popular articles.

The Fourth International Mathematical Congress will meet at Rome April 6. The four divisions are: (1) Arithmetic, Algebra, Analysis; (2) Geometry; (3) Mechanics, Mathematical Physics, Geodesy, Applied Mechanics; (4) Philosophy, Historical and other Questions.

The senate of Cambridge University purposes to celebrate in 1909 the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Darwin and the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "The Origin of Species."

Students of science and admirers of the late Lord Kelvin will be glad to know that F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia has published a large portrait of him suitable for framing.

The death is announced of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Richard Strachey, at the age of ninety-one. His life work was done in India, beginning as far back as 1836. To him was chiefly due the extension of railways, canal, and irrigation works in that land. He was a member of many scientific societies and commissions, and he published "Lectures on Geography"; and "Finances and Public Works of India" (with his brother, Sir John Strachey).

Dr. Karl von Voit, celebrated physician and physiologist of Munich, has just died at the age of seventy-six. His principal discoveries were in the field of metabolism; as early as the age of twenty-six he had shown that an animal's proteid metabolism can be measured by the amount of nitrogen in its excreta. His doctrines attracted much attention and have been the cause of many controversies between the "Munich school" and the advocates of other views; nor can it be said that a final conclusion has been reached. To the last Voit edited the *Zeitschrift für Biologie* which he had founded with Buhl and Pettenkofer many years ago.

Dr. Johannes Friedrich von Esmarch, professor of surgery in the University of Kiel, died February 23 in his eighty-sixth year. He was director of the surgical faculty in hospitals of Berlin during the Austrian war and surgeon-general during the Franco-Prussian war. Among his works are "Beiträge zur praktischen Chirurgie," "Verbandplatz und Feldlazar," "Kampf der Humanität gegen die Schrecken des Krieges," and "Handbuch der kriegschirurgischen Technik."

The death is also announced of M. A. Lancaster, chief of the meteorological department of the Royal Observatory of Belgium at Uccle.

## Drama.

### THE PARIS THEATRICAL SEASON.

PARIS, February 8.

The Paris season at the theatre has proved unusually worthy of note. It has markedly strengthened the bond, which, in modern France as in ancient Greece, unites and all but identifies the drama with literature. Acted or read, the works of Euripides were at once plays and poems, just as Paul Bourget and Gustave Geffroy and even Paul Margueritte purge almost too violently our own passions, political, social, religious, with pieces which primarily were novels. Even the engrossing stage art of Sardou is used to set forth intensely human anecdotes of French history, with scenic archæology. And what is now the passing comedy of playwrights like Alfred Capus and Tristan Bernard may still give pleasure to lovers of past literatures when a fuller civilization than our own is raging in some Chinese Hinterland, just as we ourselves delight in recovered scenes of Menander. For the present, at any rate, these plays are business successes, and this assuredly shows a high average of literary cultivation among Parisians from lofty to low.

"Divorce," drawn from Paul Bourget's novel of that name by the author, with the help of André Cury, has a timely story. The plot in the book has been closely followed; but it is concentrated in the play with a stage talent which no one would have attributed to Paul Bourget. None of

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the characters expounds anything in the dialogue. From beginning to end there is scarcely a break in the march of the story —and of the ideas. The author prefers to say that this is no problem play, but only a *pièce à idées*. Characters, story, ideas rush us forward breathlessly, relentlessly, head and heart, to the situation which is the outcome of the play—and perhaps of life in the France of to-day. I can remember nothing like it in living dramatic authors, with the exception of Paul Hervieu. The wife of an utterly undeserving husband secures a divorce, and the right to their child. Soon she tears herself from her religious past by civil marriage with a violent, but honorable free-thinker, who cares for the son of her first marriage as he does for the daughter born to themselves; and he trains the boy's mind to his own ideas, leaving his daughter to the mother. Two things happen. The first communion of the little girl stirs slumbering deeps in the soul of the mother, who, like French women, lives and has her being in her children; she wakes to find herself shut by her second marriage into outer darkness from the religion with which she has striven to enlighten her child's conscience. Next, and this is the ridge of battle, her son insists on his right, his duty, to espouse a young woman obnoxious to both husband and wife. This girl, too, is noble-minded, principled, like all these protagonists of a conflict where sure religion is face to face with uncertain ethics; and she has already followed out her free thinking by a free union, not religious and not civil marriage, with another whom she has left because he proved as unworthy as did the first husband in the marriages. This consequence of free thought is too strong for the young man's stepfather, if that is his correct title while the real father is still alive; for the free-thinking father has destroyed in himself the religion, but not the conventional morality, of society around him. But the young man is inflexible: "You married my mother after she had had a child—myself—by another man still living. Why shall not I marry Berthe, who is in the same position?"

Here we have a startling dilemma—must France, in practice, choose between indissoluble Christian marriage and unions of free love dissolved at will? The presentment of this question in the play has troubled the Parisian conscience beyond all that would have been believed. The radical critic, Ernest-Charles, accuses Paul Bourget of "gross sophistry—he calls moral what is only an abolished belief, a superannuated social convention." But even Ernest-Charles has to acknowledge that Paul Bourget has suppressed none of the very human thoughts and emotions which may honestly exist in all these lives swayed by conflicting principles: "The doctrine is inhuman, barbarous, antisocial to such a degree that the public was revolted and declared itself partisan of free union." The truth is that, save in Gustave Geffroy's play, which is also of this year, such uniform interest, with so conflicting applause for both sides, had not been provoked in Paris theatres since the "morale indépendante" of Dumas' "Natural Son," and Sardou's "Thermidor." Every one recognizes that the crucial point in divorce is the fate of the children of the first marriage. Alfred Naquet, author of the French divorce law, says openly in the newspaper symposium started by the play: "Let the state take care of the child." Paul Margueritte, without heeding the child, has long carried on a campaign to enlarge the present law by making divorce possible at the will of one only of the parties—thus favoring more and more the individual as against the family, which is Paul Bourget's, and, indeed France's, traditional social unit. Probably all thoughtful men to-day agree with the real conclusion of novel and play: "It is folly to expect to conciliate all the traditional virtues in the world of the past with the system of ideas which is most contrary to such virtues."

"L'Apprentie" of Gustave Geffroy excited even a greater storm of applause and counter-applause as the varying sentiments of the characters were brought out. People rose up in their seats to declare that this is true; and others contradicted them. It was once more the two Frances of real life, shown truthfully on the mimic stage. The piece is described as an historical drama. It is in reality a succession of scenes, of which nearly half portray the rise and fall of the Paris Commune, while the others follow out the tragedy in the lives of one Communist family twenty years later. Gustave Geffroy, like Antoine, who has staged his play superbly, was old enough to make his own observations at the time and, what is more, inhabited the workmen's quarter of Belleville. He was later one of the young men of Clemenceau the editor; he has headed the movement which brings to the artisan instruction in the fine arts, of which Gustave Geffroy is an able critic; and he has just been named to the high post of director at the Gobelins. There is a touching air of sincerity about all his writing. The book from which the play has been taken is superior in style, in fairness, in all that should make for human interest, to Zola's "Débâcle"—and has had, perhaps, one-tenth the sale. Those who know that there are two sides in every historic tragedy cannot afford to ignore it when they attend to the Paris Commune. The ensuing family tragedy is a Labor incident, with the one sister swallowed up alive in a selfish world and the other left to struggle alone and with no prospect of aid or recompense from society as it exists.

"L'Autre" of Paul Margueritte is in line with the campaign which he carries on unwearyingly in favor of allowing one of the partners to dissolve the dual contract of marriage. The play is dramatic and as literature is of high order—but it is uncomfortable in bringing out what is often the truth, that husbands are responsible for their own matrimonial misfortunes. It is, of course, a *bourgeois*, capitalist, property-owner's play, of and for the middle classes.

Sardou's play—"L'Affaire des Poisons"—has a heightened interest from the controversy into which it has plunged him with Frantz Funck-Brentano, whose documentary book on the subject is the latest authority. There are still people who doubt the complicity of the Duchess de Montespan in the "black masses," although most follow the Puritan jury of the Maybrick trial, that when adultery is proved murder shall be the verdict.. The play dwells only on the murder part—the wholesale poisoning in which the King's mistress took part only to keep the royal affections. The controversy deals with less dramatic and more contested points: Did Louis the Fourteenth keep his hat on his head when a lady dropped him an official courtesy? Did he send to the galleys by *lettre de cachet?* Were his galley prisoners treated, as Professor Lavisse says, to "worse horrors" than are retailed of ancient slavery? And did the Grand Monarque sacrifice innocent lives for state reasons—the famous "raison d'État" which cropped up to the amazement of us all in the republican Dreyfus trial? Certainly Victorien Sardou, old as he is, hits back hard. Not for nothing has he passed a good part of a century in finding out the picturesque details of the dramas of French history. It was he who started on his way the chief of all such documenters—G. Lenôtre.

As Racine has been mixed up in the Affair of Poisons, it is right to notice this year's series of lectures on his life, friends, and work, by Jules Lemaître. Last year this lecturer, by what is now his book on Rousseau, drew out an answer from government. This time he shows himself a Sainte-Beuve redivivus. S. D.

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It is a significant fact, that while in this country and in England the prevailing belief seems to be that a national theatre can be established only by means of large subventions and general coddling, Ireland, in her distress and poverty, with nothing but patriotic aspirations to support it, has actually started the institution about which everybody else has been talking, and has shown how a thing may be done by doing it. For there can be no doubt that this Irish National Theatre Company, some of whose members are now performing in the Savoy Theatre here, is exactly what it claims to be. It is rather a feeble affair as yet, with an uncertain future, but it has maintained itself for several years, and already possesses a repertory of plays, which are distinctly characteristic of Ireland and of no other country, and are, in many instances, remarkable for literary and imaginative qualities. The second play given here, Lady Augusta Gregory's "The Rising of the Moon," is of more substantial texture than "A Pot of Broth," but is really only a sketch. Three policemen arrive from a quay to look for a Fenian who has escaped from jail and for whose apprehension a reward of £100 is offered. Presently, the sergeant is left alone, and the fugitive appears in the disguise of a lame ballad-singer. He first allays the sergeant's suspicions, by telling stories about himself and volunteering his services to secure his own arrest, and then appeals to his sympathies, by discussing the accidents of birth and experience, and by singing proscribed Irish airs, in which the sergeant joins. Soon the latter is so softened that when his companion reveals his identity, he connives at the fugitive's escape in the boat which his friends bring for him. That is the whole story, and it is unfolded without the least attempt at dramatic effect, without one of the innumerable theatrical expedients which would suggest themselves to the least inventive of stage-managers. Considered only in the light of a theatrical episode, it is of the smallest value, but as

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a bit of real life, illustrative of the condition of affairs in Ireland, of the relations between the peasants and the police, and of Irish character, it becomes almost as interesting and instructive as it is veracious. Beyond question actors trained in the ordinary melodramatic school would make the incident much more theatrically effective than these Irish players do, but they would at the same time destroy its value as a human document.

The recent rapid succession of theatrical failures has brought to the front a number of young dramatists who are endeavoring to attract public attention by what they call a bold and frank treatment of indelicate subjects. Recourse to such expedients is a sign of weakness, not of strength. It is symptomatic of poverty of dramatic invention, and is but another phase of the crude sensationalism which, in professed melodrama, creates its shock by less credible and less objectionable methods. The latest specimen of these social "shockers" is a piece called "Paid in Full," by a new writer, Eugene Walter, which was produced in the Astor Theatre on Tuesday evening, and seems likely to fulfil its purpose in provoking comment. In some respects it is a rather notable work for a novice, as it exhibits capacity for character drawing, a sense of effective situation, considerable ingenuity, close observation of detail, and a mastery of realistic, lively, but utterly unliterary dialogue. On the other hand, it is tricky, extravagant, and uncertain in purpose, and in some of its incidents alike repulsive to good taste and common sense. Beginning with some pretence of offering a study of socialistic and plutocratic phenomena, it speedily resolves itself into the portrayal of a singularly base and selfish, but indisputably consistent and vital character, that of the hero, who, having robbed his employer, tries to save himself from prison by the barter of his wife's honor. From this unspeakable infamy he is saved by the purity and courage of the latter and by the generosity of a man, who, for clumsy theatrical ends, had been represented as a monster of cruelty and lust. The juvenility of the work is manifested in surprises of this sort, which are purely arbitrary and devoid of dramatic logic, and in the radical improbability of the main premise that such a strong, self-respecting, and keen-witted woman as the heroine is represented to be, could ever have been inspired to devotion by so transparent a blackguard as her husband. Unquestionably the play shows ability and signs of promise, but it is sadly lacking in moderation, judgment, and reticence, teaches no lesson that is not trite, serves no good purpose, and is, therefore, in spite of some striking scenes, of small account artistically. For the young, it is in many respects an undesirable exhibition.

Bella Patemann, the actress who died recently in London, was an admirable performer in her day. She was well known in this country, where she at one time supported Edwin Booth. She made a popular hit as Mercy Merrick, in "The New Magdalen," and another as Lady Clancarty. She also won success in "Proof," a version of the play known here as "A Celebrated Case."

# Music.

*Bizet.* Von Adolf Weissmann. Berlin: Marquardt & Co.

What is to be the future of French operatic music? Will it follow in the footsteps of Debussy, whose "Pelléas et Mélisande" is the sensation of the week, or will it take Bizet's "Carmen" as its starting point? Adolf Weissmann has no doubts on this subject. To him Debussy is an impressionist, who would substitute vagueness for the definite outlines and the clearness of style which are of the essence of French music, whereas Bizet represents the perfection of that style. His "Carmen" is the apex of all French music. Nietzsche proclaimed it a trump which would take all the Wagner cards; and while this was exaggeration, it is certainly true that Bizet proved by his opera that the established form of patterned melody is as compatible with the demands of a true music drama as Wagner's "endless" or continuous melody.

That the Parisians failed to see this, that they actually accused Bizet of being a follower of Wagner, and that this was one reason why "Carmen" failed when first produced in 1875—these are among the strangest facts in musical history. Several other reasons why the opera did not succeed seem almost as strange. The traditions of the Opéra Comique demanded that the gypsies should be adapted to French ideas, that Carmen should be a model of purity, and that she should not die at the end. The orchestra found not a few pages of the score unplayable and the chorus balked because it had to act as well as sing. The report went forth that "Carmen" was so immoral that fathers could not take their families to see it. Thus prudery, hypocrisy, and ignorance combined to bring about the fall of a great work of genius. Whether the predominance of Spanish local color in the play and the music contributed to this result is doubtful. Exotic coloring of the crudest sort did not prevent Félicien David's "Lala Roukh" and "Désert" or "Délibes's "Lakmé" from pleasing the Parisians; and Bizet's exoticism is much more subtle, and modified by his individuality. As our author remarks, the actual Spanish melodies included in the score "are so thoroughly saturated with the personality of Bizet that the Spaniards had to accustom themselves to recognize in them their own flesh and blood."

Weissmann seems to have had two main objects in writing this short life of Bizet—to sing a pæan on "Carmen," and to call attention to the fact that Bizet was not a "one-opera man." The general impression is that "Carmen" came into the world like a meteor, but the author shows by a careful analysis of Bizet's earlier works that there is in them much music for the future, and he pleads for performances of the "Pêcheurs de Perles," the "Jolie Fille de Perth," "Djamileh," and, particularly, the glorious "L'Arlésienne" music, in connection with Daudet's drama. Weissmann's book should be translated into English at once. We need a good biography of Bizet.

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When the audience at the first American performance of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," at the Manhattan Opera House, called out Oscar Hammerstein after the fourth act, he said that his one object in presenting this opera had been to endear himself to the public, and to perpetuate himself in its memory. Whether he will endear himself remains to be seen, but his undertaking is certainly memorable for its daring. Debussy's score is seven years old, and while it has been sung more than sixty times in Paris and seventeen times in Brussels, no other city except Frankfurt has dared to produce this strange, gloomy, and difficult music-drama. Mr. Hammerstein reduced the chances of failure—but also greatly increased his expense—by bringing over from the Opéra Comique nearly the whole cast that had won success for the work in Paris and Brussels—Mary Garden, Gerville-Réache, Jean Périer, and Hector Dufranne; and he had in Cleofonte Campanini a conductor who proved his ability to do full justice to the intricate and extraordinary orchestral score. This score is musically of much greater importance than the vocal parts; for whereas Wagner maintained that in his operas the orchestra, with all its complexity and fulness, is nevertheless a mere accompaniment to the singing voices, Debussy deliberately banishes melody from his vocal parts, making them mere recitative, or declamation. This boycotting of melody seems likely to prove the fatal weakness of Debussy's work, for it is infinitely easier to write recitative than original melodies or tunes. It is also much easier to write an orchestral score like that of "Pelléas et Mélisande" than one like "Tristan and Isolde." In Wagner's opera every bar is organically connected with the bars preceding and following it, whereas in Debussy's anarchy prevails. He scorns the laws of harmonic and contrapuntal concatenation as he despises vocal melody; his chords and groups of chords follow one another quite at random. This constitutes the essence of his unique musical personality. Its tang is intensified by the frequent use of the mediæval church modes in place of the modern major and minor. His great reserve in using the modern orchestral opportunities for dynamic climaxes is another peculiarity which can hardly be called a merit. When the music does rise to a climax, as where the jealous Pelléas maltreats Mélisande, or in the murder scene, it becomes thrilling. The best thing about Debussy's talent is his ability to adapt his music to the atmosphere of the play which it intensifies. In this respect his opera is worthy of Wagner himself. Debussy's music fits Maeterlinck's play like a glove.

Puccini's next opera will be on an American subject, a musical setting of Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West," and Americans will probably be the first to hear it. The composer hopes to have his work completed by the spring of 1909. The opera will be in three acts, the last, however, differing considerably from the American original. Besides that of the protagonist, there will be two big parts—one for tenor and the other for baritone, and about fifteen less important rôles. The chorus, consisting entirely of men, will appear only in the last act.

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# Art.

*Die Plastik Sienas im Quattrocento.* By Paul Schubring. 256 pp.; 156 cuts. Berlin: G. Grote.

If there ever was an art the quality of which was unplastic, it was the art of Siena. Byzantium itself was scarcely less productive of graven images. To be pictorial, and, in a minor sense, decorative, was the accepted ideal, and the sculptor was wanted only when his work seemed to be indispensable. When there was need of a fount to contain water, an angel to support a candle, a pulpit to exalt a preacher, Siena turned perforce from the gilder of panels to the carver in stone or bronze. But even here the opportunity of the sculptor was limited. There is no storied bronze door in Siena, statues on the façades of her palaces and churches are exceptional, even portrait tomb slabs are rare. As for independent portraiture, it may hardly be said to exist. The few examples attributed to Sienese artists are of doubtful provenience and workmanship. No Sienese sculptor except Jacopo della Quercia is a resounding name in the world, and although at different times Giovanni Pisano, Donatello, and the Robbias made splendid works for the City of the Virgin, these seem to have had only the slightest effect in creating a taste or a demand for sculpture. To study the plastic art of Siena in the fifteenth century is accordingly to follow a byway; an investigation, say, of the sculpture of Holland would be quite as promising.

It is possibly this sense of the barrenness of the field that has reserved for Dr. Schubring the honor of writing the first history of Sienese sculpture in the Renaissance. But the task was well worth the pains. As a pioneer Dr. Schubring has naturally magnified his office, and perhaps the unwary should be warned once for all that Siena is not next to Florence as regards sculpture in this period. Venice and even Milan take precedence. And the same caution should be applied to his attributions which are too often of the merely hopeful sort. By such valiant efforts to increase the list Dr. Schubring has managed to find only ten sculptors with some hundred and fifty works for a century of Sienese sculpture. And this sparseness suggests both the scantiness and comparative insignificance of the material, and the necessary shortcomings of the book. The author has gone little beyond the material accessible in Siena at the time of the regional exhibition. Doubtless a more thorough search of private collections and dealers' stocks and a diligent tour of the regions in Tuscany and Umbria that drew their art from Siena would double the list.

Dr. Schubring has in any case provided a useful basis for such a definite study, digesting in accurate fashion the scanty material from published and unpublished archives, and reviewing all accessible examples of the sculpture. Abundant illustrations, many from the author's negatives, put one in a position to weigh the plausibility of most of the attributions. Upon these contentious matters we have no space to enter. The case of Francesco di Giorgio must illustrate, in lieu of many, the merits and defects of his method. By a very interesting and convincing argument, he reclaims for the versatile Francesco, the famous bronze relief of the Deposition, in the Carmine, Venice. This has usually been attributed to Verrocchio, and associated with the stucco relief of the Discordia, South Kensington, and the bronze Flagellation, in the Perugian University. The latter two Dr. Schubring ascribes to Francesco on the strength of similarity between their architectural backgrounds and that of a predella in the Uffizi, which is also ascribed to our master. But the resemblance seems quite casual. In both cases, probably, the artists have drawn upon the forms in Leon Battista Alberti's treatise. It is by no means evident that the South Kensington piece is by the same hand as the Venice relief, while the Perugian bronze seems surely of Paduan-Florentine origin. In short, if it is a gain to find the author of the Venice Deposition, this gain is largely offset by the attachment of two other doubtful works to his name. As for the bronze bust of Pontano, in the Palazzo Bianco, at Genoa, our author admits that there are no stylistic grounds for attributing it to Francesco. The ascription rests only on the fact that he worked in Naples and conceivably might have portrayed this humanist. One must protest also against the practice of printing such attributions under the cuts with no sign of doubt. In this matter Dr. Schubring is not a unique offender. The habit evidently tends to give too cheaply to a supposition the credit of fact, and a conscientious scholar should be as careful in regard to these captions as he is with the text itself.

We cannot part with Dr. Schubring's useful book without a word on Sienese sculpture in general. Like most things Sienese, its exquisiteness atones for its lack of high seriousness. In Neroccio and Giovanni di Stefano, we find that peculiar sensitiveness which is the most agreeable feature of the Renaissance. Few have excelled these sculptors in the gracefulness of poised angels perceived through fluttering draperies. And yet one recalls that the Florentine Agostino di Duccio did this same thing with more preciousness and fire. In Vecchietta, another Sienese, we feel the peculiar qualites of late gothic sculpture which make it drastic or tender as the mood serves. His scanty work then strikes a note rare in Italy, though common enough in France. Antonio Federighi, one feels, might have become a great sculptor had he had the luck of being exiled. Except Quercia he was about the only Sienese artist who read the importance of the new movement. But as usual the value of Siena lies not in her prophecies, but in the placid mood of retrospect which she knew so well how to hold. She represents to us better than any other Italian city the half pictorial charm of sculpture in painted wood or terra-cotta. Even more than marble and bronze these were the sympathetic materials for ecclesiastical sculpture, according perfectly with frescoed walls, colored vaults, and illuminated windows. For preserving so many examples of the polychrome sculpture which elsewhere disappeared before advancing neo-classicism, Siena, as in so many other instances of tenacity to the old, has the admiring gratitude of lovers of fair forgotten things.

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Early in March Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out a luxurious volume on "Country Residences in Europe and America," by Louis V. LeMoyne.

In Albert Forbes Sieveking's charming treatise, "The Praise of Gardens," Humphry Repton is properly given a place of honor as the first to employ the term landscape gardener. It is, therefore, right that Repton's early work, "The Art of Landscape Gardening," should have been selected by the flourishing American Society of Landscape Architects as the initial volume of their series of republished classics. The typographical execution, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and the editing, by John Nolen, are very satisfactory. The original work was published in 1794, in a rather clumsy form. The new issue avoids this clumsiness, but, through a felicitous choice of type, preserves completely the antique character of the original. The first edition was enriched by illustrations, which in some cases had a lifting leaf by which transformations in landscapes could be shown; one could see at every step the changes. Thus a broken forest with a commonplace foreground was turned into a noble park, or a sombre view was suddenly enlivened by the introduction of some fitting edifice. Repton's illustrations are here well reproduced, and are likely to give great pleasure to those who are fond of seeing what transformations can be brought about by comparatively simple means. Repton's career was varied. He is said to have failed as a merchant, and, later, to have lost much money in a mail-coach system, so that, if failure counts in the business of critic, he came well prepared to his task as a critic of natural and of artificial landscapes. Of the latter, he had many within easy reach. Lancelot Brown, who had carried all before him by his generally skilful management of natural factors, had made many blunders; but, worse than this, a school of gardeners had grown up around Brown who made havoc with numerous estates. Repton was a keen observer, who detected errors, and suggested ways of correcting them; hence his work, while possessing little originality, is often exceedingly suggestive. The reader will find many evidences of sound judgment and of consummate tact. It is fortunate that this stimulating treatise has now been made accessible to lovers of country life in America.

Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld's Fourth Report (January, 1908) summarizes his Leucado-Ithacan excavations of June and July, 1907. He describes several finds, all accompanied by monochrome potsherds of the most rudimentary handiwork. He has found a prehistoric sanctuary, superseded first by "Dorian" and last by Byzantine worshippers. Their successive handiwork also appears. Moving eastward toward the harbor of his Leucadian Ithaca, he has found in an olive-grove deep-level remains of a prehistoric garden. This reminds him of the τέμενος of Odysseus (Od. xvii., 299), because he has discovered in it traces of a prehistoric water-supply, which also served the city near by. No such supply is alluded to in the Odyssey as serving the τέμενος of Odysseus, but just such an one serves the gardens of Alcinous (Od. v, 293, 129). Not far away was found a prehistoric necropolis,

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which Dr. Dörpfeld regards as a characteristic Homeric barrow. He likens its burials to the shaft graves of Mycenæ, and to those of the "Achæan" sackers of the first and builders of the last Tirynthian stronghold. Finally, Dr. Dörpfeld was so lucky as to come upon what he confidently hopes must prove to be remains of the palace of Odysseus. Its main wall resembles those of the palace in Triphylia lately discovered by him. For anything like certainty another campaign is necessary, but in the meantime Dr. Dörpfeld warmly urges the suitableness of this site for Odysseus's house. The whole settlement he dates far back into the second millennium B. C., since he has found, but not published, sporadic Mycenæan shards with the primitive monochrome ware everywhere so abundant; but the settlement lasted, he thinks, down to the very verge of the first millennium, because this same "Achæan" monochrome pottery has been found on many Greek sites in association with "geometrical" ware. This year's attempts to find the grotto in the harbor of Phorkys have not met with success.

Seven members of the American Society of Miniature Painters have contributed fifteen pictures to the ninth annual exhibition open at M. Knoedler & Co.'s till February 29. Sixty-three outsiders send 112 miniatures.

Among the exhibitions in dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by the Barbizon and modern Dutch landscapists at Noé's, till February 28; paintings by Corot, Durand-Ruel's, February 29; pictures by T. W. Dewing and D. W. Tryon, Montross's, February 29; paintings by living American artists, Macbeth's, March 7.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 8, the following prices were paid: Van Dyck, Portrait of a Gentleman on Horseback, £2,205; Lawrence, Duchess of Norfolk, in white dress, £961; Andrea del Sarto, Madonna and Child, with St. John, £682; Guercino, St. Gregory, seated on a throne, £367; Etty, The World before the Flood, £241; Rubens, Philip IV. of Spain, on horseback, £136.

Harriet G. Hosmer, the sculptor, died in Watertown, Mass., February 21. She was born in Watertown in 1830. After receiving lessons in modelling in Boston, she entered a medical college in St. Louis in order to study anatomy. In 1852 she went to Rome and became a pupil of John Gibson, the English sculptor. Her first full length figure in marble, completed in 1855, was Œnone, and this was followed in the same year by Puck, of which many copies were made. Next came a companion piece, Will-o'-the-Wisp, and in 1857 she exhibited her reclining statue of Beatrice Cenci, which is in the St. Louis Public Library. The colossal statue of Zenobia in Chains, was completed in 1859 and this was followed by the statue of Thomas H. Benton, in Lafayette Park, St. Louis. Among her other works are the Sleeping Faun and the Waking Faun, a statue of the Queen of Naples as the Heroine of Gaëta, a monument to Abraham Lincoln, and the statue of Isabella of Spain for the Chicago World's Fair.

Peter Janssen, artist and director of the Royal Academy of Art, Düsseldorf, has died at the age of sixty-three. His best-known work was as a mural and fresco painter.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albright, Victor E. A Typical Shaksperian Stage: The Outer-Inner Stage. Knickerbocker Press.

Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States of Maryland, Proceedings of the Twenty-first Annual Convention. Published by the Association.

Barrett, S. A. The Geography and Dialects of the Miwok Indians—The Ethno-Geography of the Pomo and Neighboring Indians. Berkeley: University of California.

Balzac's Eugénie Grandet. Edited by H. E. Berthon. Henry Frowde.

Barron, Edward. The Lost Goddess. Holt. $1.50.

Bloomfield, Maurice. The Religion of the Veda. Putnams. $1.50 net.

Boas, Franz. Anthropology. Columbia University Press.

Burnet, Étienne. La Lutte Contre les Microbes. Paris: Armand Colin.

Bruce, Edwin M. Detection of the Common Food Adulterations. D. Van Nostrand Co.

Cambridge Modern History. Vol. V. Macmillan Co. $4 net.

Campbell's Poetical Works. Edited by J. Logie Robertson. Henry Frowde.

Clifford, Lucy. Proposals to Kathleen. Barnes. $1.50.

Colles, H. C. Brahms. Brentano's.

Corner, Caroline. Ceylon, The Paradise of Adam. John Lane Co.

Davenport, Herbert Joseph. Value and Distribution. University of Chicago. $3.72.

Ellis, J. Breckinridge. Arkinsaw Cousins. Holt. $1.50.

Francis, Paul James and Spencer Jones. The Prince of the Apostles. 75 cents net. Garrison, N. Y.: Lamp Publishing Co.

Gibbs, Philip. The Romance of George Villiers. Putnams. $3.50 net.

Gotch, Francis. Two Oxford Physiologists: Richard Lower, 1631 to 1691; John Mayow, 1643 to 1679. Henry Frowde.

Hirth, Friedrich. The Ancient History of China. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

James, Henry. New York Edition. Portrait of a Lady, 2 vols.—The Princess Casamassima, 2 vols. Scribners.

Leland, John, The Itinerary of. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Macmillan.

London, Jack. The Iron Heel. Macmillan. $1.50.

Noyes, Alfred. The Golden Hynde and Other Poems. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Olston, Albert B. Mind, Power, and Privileges. Crowell. $1.50 net.

Parr, S. W. and N. D. Hamilton. The Weathering of Coal. Urbana: University of Illinois.

Poëte, Marcel. L'Enfance de Paris. Paris: Armand Colin.

Putnam, Ruth. Charles the Bold. Putnams. $1.35 net.

Reynolds-Ball, Eustace. The Tourist's India. Brentano's.

Robins, Elizabeth. Come in and Find Me. Century Co. $1.50.

Rosengarten, J. G. German Archives as Sources of German-American History. German-American Annals.

Scott's Legend of Montrose. Edited by G. S. Gordon. Henry Frowde.

Seager, Henry Rogers. Economics. Columbia University Press.

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